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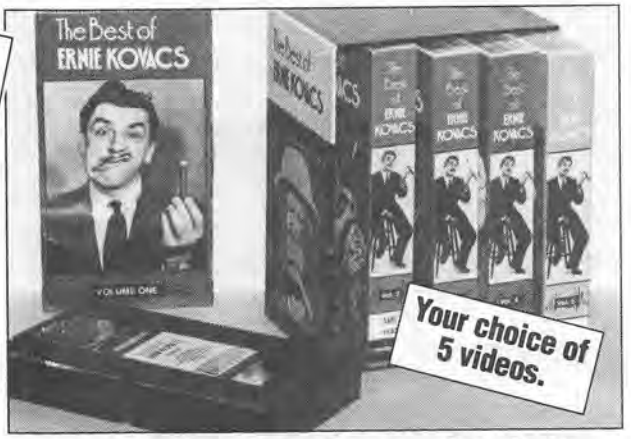

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The Magazine of Then and Now

Summer 1992

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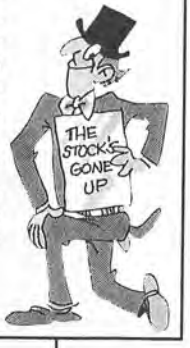

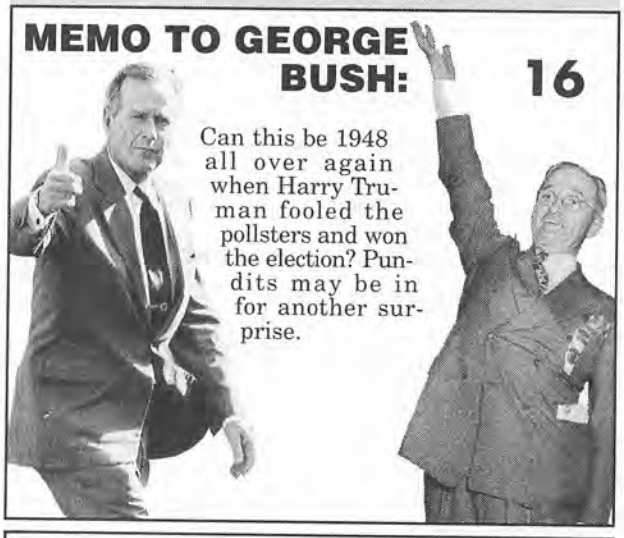

THE MEN OF OTHER WOMEN'S DREAMS

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JOHN WAYNE

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John Devaney

Managing Editor
Anne Keffer

Art Director
Robert Prestopino

V.P./Publisher/Editor-in-Chief
CAROL L. KLAPPER

Advertising Sales
Florence Peloquin
Florence Peloquin Associates
350 First Ave. Suite 6C
New York, N.Y. 10010
212-677-6072

Advertising Sales Coordinator
Ann Mordon

General Manager
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MPA

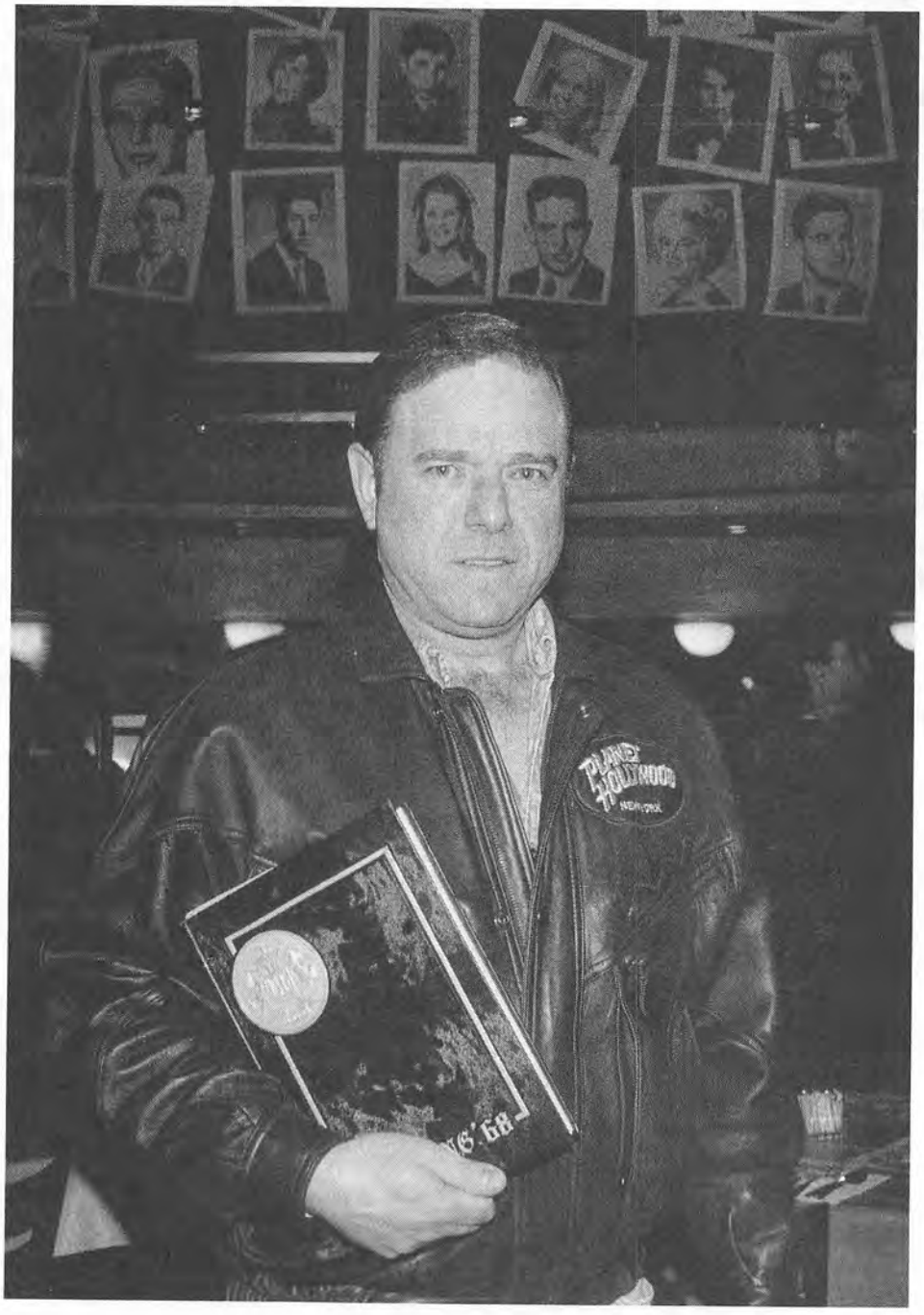
PHOTOS FOR THOUGHT

By John Devaney

They come to dine but they stay to stare and ask, "Can that really be...?"

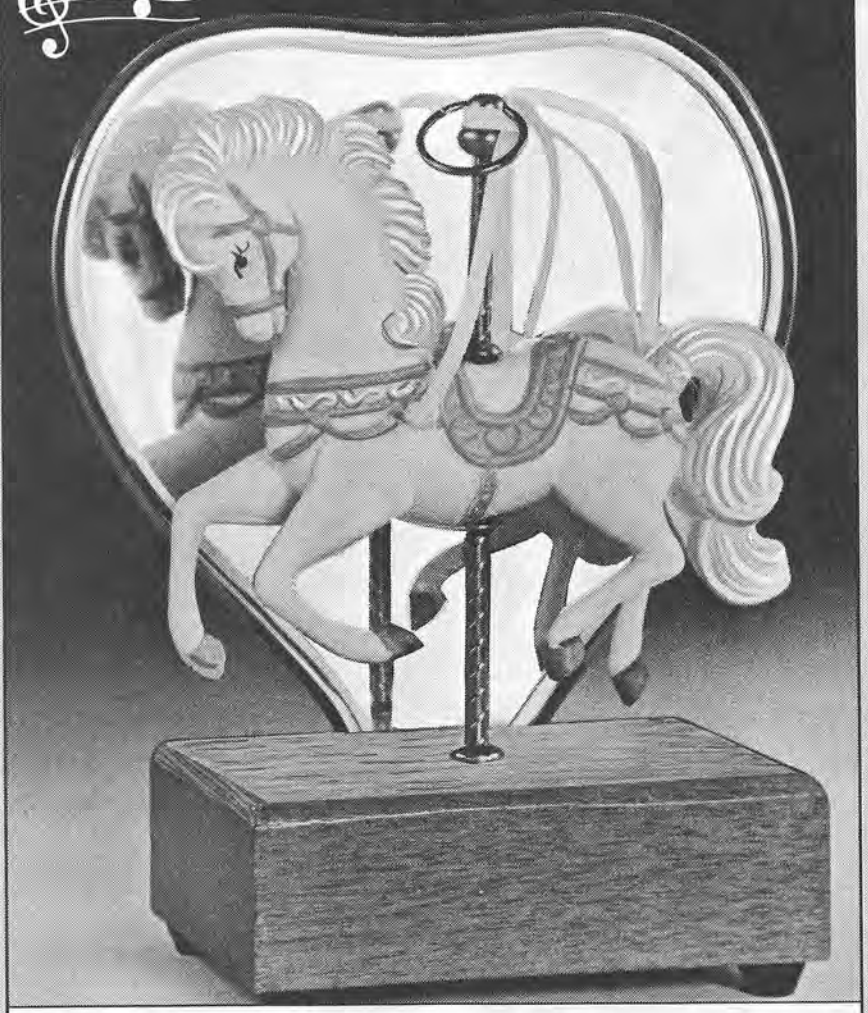
When one of New York's newest restaurants, *Planet Hollywood* (it's owned by stars like Sylvester Stallone and Arnold Schwarzenegger) opened last year, the owners mounted a collage of 28 photos of celebrities taken from their high school yearbooks. The yearbook photos came from the collection of Seth Poppel (right). "People stare at the photos," says Seth, "as absorbed with trying to figure out who the celebrities are as they are with their food."

On the top of page 8 are eight of the 28 photos. Can you tell from their high school photos who the celebrities are without peeking at the bottom of the page?



Seth Poppel at Planet Hollywood: The restaurant also displays six of his yearbooks, including Marilyn Monroe's and Elvis Presley's. Poppel asks people with old yearbooks to write to him at Yearbook Archives, 38 Range Drive, Merrick, N.Y. 11566.

Reflection of Old Charm



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The Way They Are

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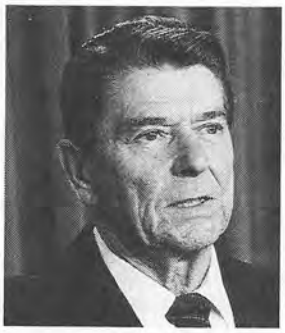
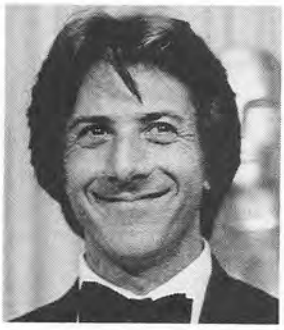
Sissy Spacek



Ronald Reagan

Bo Derek

Jessica Lange



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TELEVISION

TALK, TALK, TALK

By Edward Wakin

Ther-r-r-r goes Johnny, but Jay need not fret, says Steve Allen. The job's a snap

Steve Allen, the host who started *The Tonight Show* on its way to becoming a bedtime institution, has three pieces of reassuring advice for Jay Leno, the show's new host:

1. It's really not such a tough job.
2. Don't expect the critics to be kind.
3. The audience gets used to you.

"There are many jobs that are exceedingly difficult," says Allen, commenting about the changeover from his California couch. "Hosting a talk show is not one of them. So, when people finally report liking a particular conversation show, what they're usually saying is that they have come to either like or at least tolerate the host of the show."

As for Allen, there's no question that Leno will succeed as permanent host of *The Tonight Show*. Leno already has. As guest host, "he's been doing a great job."

With an extra advantage: "Unlike the majority of talk-show hosts, Jay is a natural wit. He has a true inventive, comic mind."

More than anyone, Allen qualifies as an oracle when it comes to a show that dates back to 1950. It was a revolving door of early hosts until Allen took over in 1954: Tex McCrary and former Miss America Jinx Falkenburg, Wally Cox, Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin, and Jerry Lester.

Four hosts of* The Tonight Show*, left to right: Jerry Lester (1950-'54), Jack Paar (1958-'62), Johnny Carson (1962-'92), and Allen (1954-'58).

When Allen was host, he surrounded himself with an oddball assortment of characters and offered his late-night fans zany comedy and snappy conversation. When a little-known game-show host named Jack Paar took over in 1958, he proceeded to invent the TV talk show. He described it as "one hour and forty-five minutes of people sitting around trying to change the subject."

Allen points out that the critics "welcomed" both Paar and Johnny Carson (in 1962) with "harshly critical reviews," though "there was really nothing wrong with either Jack or Johnny on their opening nights."

Allen takes the long view of how his successors won unprecedented TV fame and followings: "One year later neither of them had improved at all—nor was there any reason for them to. But now they were warmly reviewed and appreciated. There's nothing particularly impenetrable about the seeming mystery here. All that had happened during the year is that viewers and critics had become accustomed to Jack and Johnny."

Each host had a different style. With Paar, the guests talked as a group, with sometimes unpredictable results. With Carson, the focus has been on one guest at a time and a display of the best sense of timing since Jack Benny. With Leno, there is the strong opening news-based dialogue with a wider range (including politics) followed by his "love-me" style as host.

There's another difference. Unlike Paar and Carson, Leno arrives pretested, heralded, and covered with praise as "America's Hardest-Working Comic" in *Cosmopolitan* magazine, as "friendly, direct, affectionate, sincere, and laconic" in *Esquire*, as "a likable, intimate video presence" in *Time*.

While millions watch and listen, the host with the chin will apply his blue-collar ethic to fame, wealth, and the late-night audience. As he's said, "You go to work, you do the job—write joke, tell joke, get check—and the world will pretty much take care of itself."

Everyone agrees that what you see is what you get with Jay Leno. Allen, as the first in the Allen-Paar-Carson-Leno progression of hosts, sums him up as a "Nice Guy." And he adds:

"Beyond that—what's the problem?" ■

Edward Wakin is a former Manhattan newspaperman who now lectures on corporate communications and teaches at Fordham University in New York.

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By George Sullivan

F.D.R. made stamps popular—but not always profitable. Yet stamps are not just for licking

Coins are older, manuscripts and rare books are more of a challenge, and antique furniture can have its practical aspects, but postage stamps impart a greater sense of wonder and satisfaction than almost any other collectible. The little squares and rectangles are a paper record of world history, a panorama of events involving virtually every nation of the world during the nineteenth and twentieth century. Once in a while, they're a good investment, too.

The first adhesive postage stamp, Great Britain's famous "penny Black," was issued by the British Post Office on May 6, 1840. People have been collecting stamps almost from that very date.

President Roosevelt uses a magnifying glass to examine a stamp in his collection. "Unfortunately," says the author, "many of the youngsters who may have been influenced by Roosevelt were not collectors in the true sense."

Many collectors of the 1940s and 1950s were inspired by Franklin D. Roosevelt, who inherited a rare and valuable collection from his mother. Roosevelt found enjoyment in stamps both as a boy and as an adult.

Following his crippling attack of poliomyelitis in 1921 at the age of 39, Roosevelt became an even more avid collector—of manuscripts, pictures, naval books, as well as stamps. He made purchases by mail or sent a representative to buy at auctions. Once he became President, newspapers and magazines frequently reported Roosevelt's interest in stamps.

Unfortunately, many of the youngsters who may have been influenced by Roosevelt were not collectors in a true sense. They were mere accumulators. They didn't particularly care about stamp quality. Their goal was to acquire as many stamps as possible, clipping them from incoming envelopes and packages and enlisting aunts, uncles, and other relatives to save for them. Rainy afternoons were spent soaking stamps from their moorings.

When these accumulations are offered for sale today, their owners are often shocked to learn the stamps are seldom worth any more than ten per cent of their original value. Dealers and serious collectors don't want to be bothered with them.

The same holds true for most sheets of stamps, even those in mint condition that date to the 1940s and 1950s. They were printed in such enormous quantities that many of these issues are worth less than their face value. "After all, stamps have no intrinsic value," says William Crowe, senior expert of the Philatelic Foundation. "The Postal Service doesn't have to take them back."

There are a few excep-

tions, however. They include the 10-cent space twins issues of 1967 (Scott U.S. #1331 and #1332) and the $1 airlift stamp of 1968 (#1341). Baseball issues do O.K., too—notably the baseball centennial stamp, issued in 1939 (#855) and the Jackie Robinson stamp of 1982 (#2016).

If you're thinking of purchasing stamps for investment, the first rule is to concentrate on one or two countries. Dealers recommend the United States, Great Britain, Canada, and Australia. You also might want to consider Italy, Iceland, Greenland, Japan, or one or more of the Scandinavian countries.

You also might want to limit your purchases to a particular time period or a special type stamp. You might, for example, want to concentrate on the late nineteenth century or pre-World War II, or buy only special deliveries or postage dues.

Quality is crucial. Forget about building a collection that's notable for its size. Instead of buying 20 stamps at $10 apiece, buy one $200 stamp. The chances are the $200 item will increase in value at a faster rate than any of the $10 purchases.

Dealers agree that the best way to invest is to put your money into blue chippers, stamps that have shown a steady increase in value from the day they were issued. It's somewhat the same as buying prime real estate or high-grade stocks. There will be some ups and downs but over the long term the investment should prove worthwhile.

Right now, except for older, high-quality stamps, the stamp market is depressed. It reached an all-time high during the late 1970s and early 1980s and has been in decline ever since.

Is this a good time to buy? It probably is if you expect an inflationary cycle to occur during the 1990s, something on the order of what happened during Jimmy Carter's presidency when interest rates hit at an all time high. If this happens, the stamp market is likely to heat up. ■

George Sullivan is the author of The Book of Baseball Collectibles *and other books on collecting.*

Monaco recently paid tribute to that pioneer stamp collector with Roosevelt stamps (left and below). Stamps that have increased in value include the 1982 Jackie Robinson stamp (top) and the 1939 baseball centennial stamp (bottom).

FASHION

SNAP BACK

By Lucy Kavaler

The girdle makes a comeback–but as a kinder, gentler "body shaper"

Twenty-five years ago, women cheered the disappearance of the girdle. Today they're cheering its return.

The girdle, frequently described nowadays by the gentler, kinder name of "body shaper," is the hottest news in lingerie. "There's a resurgence in the demand for control garments," says Karen Bromley, spokesperson for the fashion industry's Intimate Apparel Council.

The uncompromising girdles, long-leg panties, and panty-girdles that were the fashion mainstay of the '40s, '50s, and much of the '60s have been transformed for the '90s. Fragile lace and glamorous satin have been made stretch fabrics by the addition of Lycra spandex. The short half-slip with built-in panty strip is a new and sexy alternative to the panty girdle. The "all-in-one" corselette of your grandmother's day takes on new life in the seductive, low-cut elasticized full slip with underwire bra top.

Why now? One reason is that the "baby boomers" of the '50s and '60s have matured. So have their figures.

"The fashion for very tight clothing has sparked the interest in support underwear," points out Carol Leslie, Vice-President of Marketing at Warner's, which also makes Ungaro and Valentino designs. That's true for even young women with all-but perfect bodies.

There's a new look to women's figures that is really an old look. "A return to the '50s—to femininity—is being seen. Women choose to feel feminine through their lingerie," says a spokesperson for Victoria's Secret.

Once again you're observing the full-busted, tiny-waisted, smooth-hipped silhouettes that were the standard of beauty until the mini skirt of the late '60s brought in pantyhose and killed the girdle. And women's lib politics made going braless a symbol of women's liberation.

"The bust is back," declares Kingsley McAlpine, Senior Vice-President of Bestform, manufacturers of Lily of France, Christian Dior, and Natori lines. "The pushup bra, padded bra, the decollete that plays up the cleavage...anything goes that will accentuate the bust and make it look fuller."

The waist-narrowing merry widow and long-line bustier with boning

This 1940s girdle was made of lastex. Today's girdles are stretchier with Lycra spandex.

and hook-and-eye fastenings hark back to an even earlier period of lingerie history—the era of the corset. Two generations of women have gasped watching *Gone With the Wind* as Scarlett O'Hara's waist is laced to 16 inches.

Impossible? Perhaps not. When I was doing research into 1890s fashions for my historical novel, *The Secret Lives of the Edmonts,* I found that a measurement only two inches larger than that was listed as a standard size in the Sears Roebuck catalog of the decade.

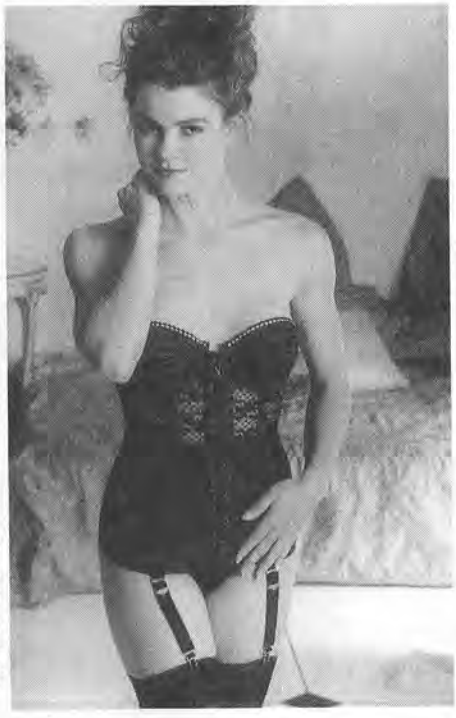
The ultra-feminine bustier and merry widow entered the fashion scene when innerwear became outerwear. Remember Madonna's corsets and her "Like a Virgin" wedding gown, topped with a white lace and fishnet bustier? The gown recently sold at auction for $11,000, but you can buy a bustier in any lingerie department. By now, those who have the nerve are wearing the body-shaping half-slips on the outside as minis. When Italian designers Dolce and Gabbana unveiled their spring collection in Milan, models went down the runway in bustiers and girdles, garters and stockings. A lingerie collection? Not at all. This was the dress collection, complete with gloves and shoes.

"In this economy, people are aware that it is possible to buy beautiful lingerie for a fraction of the cost of other clothing," points out Intimate Apparel Council's Bromley.

Garters attached to girdles, merry widows, or garter belts have brought back stockings. Stockings were once called an "invention of the devil" by Katharine Hepburn. But now they are devilishly glamorous with black lace tops and golden shimmering legs.

The stretchy underwear of the '90s is alluring and light in weight, but it is still relatively constricting. Why are so many of today's women accepting being constricted again?

"Women now feel confident in showing off their femininity. In the '60s and '70s, women were starting to take control of their lives and exert power, so they felt they had to dress down, in some cases to dress like men," says top lingerie designer Josie Natori. "Now that women are comfortable with their stature, they can wear bustiers, padded bras, and girdles which enhance their feminine form. They're wearing these for themselves, not just to please men." ■



Above: High-waisted Hipslip in Lycra by Nancy Ganz for Bodyslimmers. Top, right: Natori's bustier, popularized as outerwear by Madonna, with matching Lycra panties. Right: Lady Marlene's Merry Widow, a style that comes straight out of the 1890s.

Lucy Kavaler, author of the novel, The Secret Lives of the Edmonts, *is researching changes in lingerie for a new novel set in the early 20th century.*

MEMO TO GEORGE BUSH: Is This 1948

By Thomas Fleming

Historians like to talk about the lessons to be learned from the past. They are also quick to caution history never repeats itself. But as they look at how the 1992 presidential campaign is shaping up, even the most cautionary types are wondering if Harry Truman's underdog 1948 White House run is about to do a *déjà vu*. Consider the following items.

- We have a president who got to "the big White Jail," as I often heard Truman call it, by being a loyal vice president, and who, like Truman with Franklin D. Roosevelt, has still not escaped the shadow of his sensationally successful predecessor.
- We have a victorious Republican party, in power for 12 years, suddenly confronted by yawning splits in its ranks—the same kind of splits that ruptured the Democratic party, in power for 16 years, in 1948. Republican columnist Patrick Buchanan is flaunting the banner of pure conservatism while David Duke was threatening to take away votes from Bush in the south with his thinly veiled racism—as the Dixiecrats threatened to do to Truman in '48.

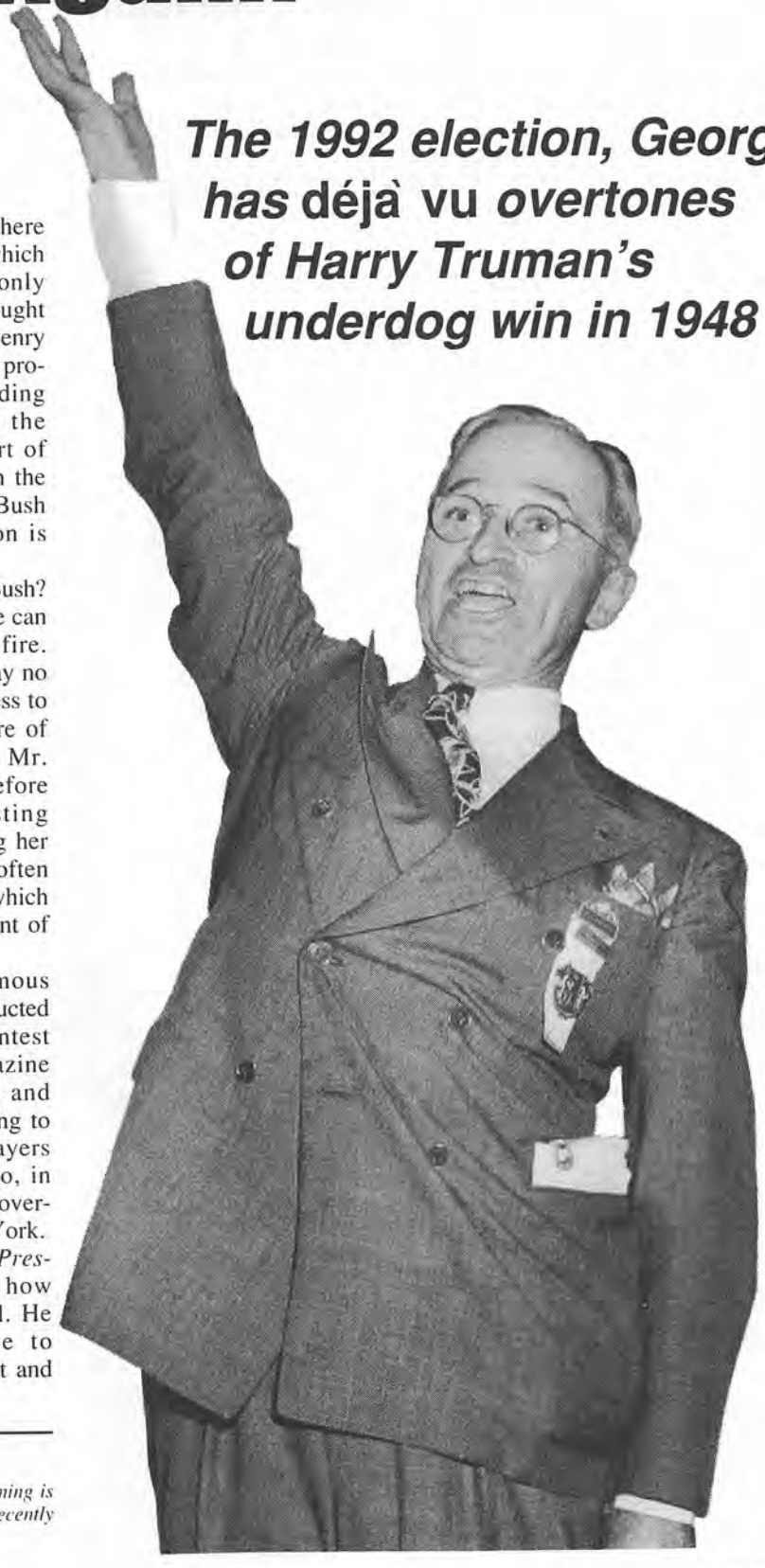
In 1948, President Truman faced, from the left, Henry Wallace, FDR's vice president from 1940 to 1944. Wallace was the candidate of the Progressive Party, presenting himself as the true heir to the New Deal's liberal tradition—and denouncing Truman for starting the Cold War. On the right, Strom Thurmond of South Carolina was running for President on the Dixiecrat ticket, determined to pretend the South had not lost the Civil War.

Like George Bush, President Truman was harrowed by plummeting popularity in the polls. George's

President Bush may think it's thumb's up for victory in 1992 against a Democratic party seeking a nominee. But, as in 1948, an underdog like Truman (right) may yet be a hands-up winner.

All Over Again?

The 1992 election, George, has déjà vu *overtones of Harry Truman's underdog win in 1948*



ratings have not tumbled anywhere near the unbelievable lows to which Truman sank. In early 1948, only 36% of the American people thought he was doing a decent job. But Henry Graff, the Columbia University professor who is the nation's leading authority on the history of the presidency, suspects some sort of surprise drop, even steeper than the ones so far, may chill George Bush in '92. "The political situation is very volatile," Graff says.

What to do, if you're George Bush? There are a number of lessons he can learn from Truman's trial by fire. One of the most important is: pay no attention to the polls and even less to the reporters. I had the pleasure of spending several weeks with Mr. Truman in 1970, two years before his death, when I was assisting Margaret Truman in researching her biography of her father. HST often talked about the '48 campaign, which was in many ways the high point of his political life.

Truman always took enormous pleasure in recalling a poll conducted by *Newsweek* as the 1948 contest roared to a climax. The magazine asked 50 leading columnists and political reporters who was going to win. These assembled soothsayers voted unanimously, 50 to zero, in favor of Truman's opponent, Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York.

In his book, *Counsel to the President*, Clark Clifford recalls how depressed he was by this poll. He showed the news magazine to Truman, who flipped through it and

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An historian and novelist, Thomas Fleming is the author of the novel, Over There, *recently published by HarperCollins.*

tossed it aside. "I know every one of those fellows," he said. "Not one of them has enough sense to pound sand into a rathole."

Another piece of advice from HST concerns the "L" word. It may surprise some people (including George Bush) to learn that while Truman's stance on civil rights and other issues was unquestionably liberal, he never called himself a liberal without carefully defining the term. He had very little use for politicians he called "professional liberals." He considered them smug ideologues who wanted to cram their often obnoxious opinions down voters' throats, even if it tore the Democratic Party apart. In this group he included Franklin D. Roosevelt's sons and their mother, who spent the months preceding the 1948 Democratic Convention trying to find another candidate—most notably Dwight Eisenhower.

With great reluctance, Truman agreed to put a professional liberal, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, on the ticket as his vice president to help fend off the Wallace assault. Shortly before he telephoned the Justice to offer him the honor, the President wrote a revealing memo to himself.

"He [Douglas] belongs to that crowd of. . .Harold Ickes, Claude Pepper crackpots whose word is worth less than Jimmy Roosevelt's. . .No professional liberal is intellectually honest. That's a real indictment—but true as the Ten Commandments. Professional liberals aren't familiar with the Ten Commandments or the Sermon on the Mount.

"Most Roosevelts aren't either!"

Should Bush play Truman's Ronald Reagan card against Pat Buchanan and company?

Douglas wanted to be president. But he did not think Truman had a prayer and turned him down. A relieved HST replaced him with Senator Alben Barkley of Kentucky, an old pro who had been Roosevelt's majority leader in the Senate. That not only solved a lot of his FDR-heir problem. It also solved some of his southern problems.

Truman next demonstrated just how astute his political balance was by wooing former vice president John (Cactus Jack) Garner of Texas. Conservative and moderate Democrats had never gotten over the brutal way Roosevelt had dumped Garner for Wallace in 1940. (FDR did not have much choice—Garner had denounced the idea of a third term for Roosevelt.) Cactus Jack welcomed Truman to his home in the tiny town of Uvalde with a breakfast that made a Roman banquet look like a visit to a weight loss clinic. His vigorous endorsement practically guaranteed the Lone Star State's whopping chunk of electoral votes was in HST's pocket—and left the flabbergasted Dixiecrats outflanked in the rest of the South.

Will George Bush be able to replicate this strategy by playing the Ronald Reagan card against Pat Buchanan and company? The betting is, George would prefer not to play it—he wants to win this one without the Gipper. But just in case, you can be sure that White House emissaries are already paying secret visits to a certain ranch in California to ask the Great Communicator how he's feeling these days.

Reagan's presence accentuates 1992's *déjà vu* effect for another, more literal reason. In 1948, the film colony, with its usual airheaded approach to the real world, was leaning heavily toward Henry Wallace. But a cadre of conservative stars, including Gary Cooper, Jeanette MacDonald and Ginger Rogers, gave stirring endorsements to Dewey when he made a

Seeking the hard-hat vote, Truman meets with Pennsylvania coal miners; Bush with Los Angeles construction workers. Truman, points out the author, ran against the "do-nothing" Republican Congress, an opportunity that now presents itself to Bush who has been facing a Democratic Congress the past four years.

major address at Hollywood Bowl, attacking Truman for being soft on Communism.

The Trumanites responded by persuading a popular liberal Democratic actor who was already displaying a strong interest in politics to join HST on the platform when he made a speech in Los Angeles. Ronald Reagan not only appeared—he gave the President a rousing endorsement.

At the 1948 Democratic Convention, President Truman announced he was calling a special session of Congress to pass badly needed social legislation to control inflation and relieve the housing shortage. The Republican 80th Congress went berserk and contemptuously rejected all Truman's proposals—just what he expected them to do. He proceeded to run against "the do-nothing 80th Congress" instead of Thomas E. Dewey.

Quite a few people think George Bush may be able to reproduce this effect by running against the pork-dispensing, salary-raising, check-bouncing, gratuity-greedy Democratic Congress. But he will have to overcome his gentlemanly instinct for compromise and conciliation and realize that a campaign is essentially a brutal struggle for advantage.

With the help of hardnosed aides such as the late Lee Atwater and Roger Ailes, Bush demonstrated he could play rough in 1988, throwing the frontrunning Dukakis on the defensive with a TV blitz featuring Massachusetts parole violator Willie Horton and Boston's polluted harbor. But he has done very little Democratic bashing since he got to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Bush's let's-be-friends-with-Congress stance is one reason Pat Buchanan stumped through the snows of New Hampshire.

An intriguing connection between Bush and Truman is a general named Powell

President Bush would do well to study the kind of hard ball Truman played in 1948. HST not only relentlessly bashed the 80th Congress, he said GOP stood for "Gluttons of Privilege." He accused the Republicans of being out to stick a pitchfork in the farmer's back and enslave hourly workers with anti-union legislation. Clark Clifford admits he shuddered at the havoc this election rhetoric might wreak on the President's relationship with Congress—but no great harm was done.

Truman demonstrated another basic rule for winning by refusing to alter his stance on civil rights or the cold war to satisfy his split-away critics on the right and left. Most people have forgotten that the Berlin Airlift, one of our most ominous confrontations with the Russians, flew throughout the 1948 campaign.

When someone urged him to compromise with the Dixiecrats on civil rights, Truman shook his head. "My forebears were Confederates," he said. "I come from a part of the country where Jim Crowism is prevalent. But my very stomach turned over when I learned that Negro soldiers, just back from overseas, were being dumped out of Army trucks in Mississippi and beaten. Whatever my inclinations as a native of Missouri, as President I know this is bad. I shall fight to end evils like this."

Clark Clifford points out an interesting connection between Truman and Bush: General Colin Powell. If Truman had not desegregated the Armed Forces by executive order in 1948, General Powell would not have been around for Bush to appoint as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. When Clifford saw Powell standing next to Bush on the day of the general's appointment, he said he "could not avoid a feeling of pride that the long road started by President Truman had reached, if not

Truman went to the people with a "whistle-stop" campaign that took him coast to coast by train. Bush can now fly coast to coast but in 1992, as in 1948, "pressing the flesh"—like shaking hands with these Potomac River boat passengers—is still a political necessity whenever a U.S. candidate runs for office.

Campaigning against Truman in 1948, New York Governor Thomas E. Dewey gets chummy with members of an Oregon "Cavemen Club." Certain of victory, Governor Dewey seldom shed a pompous posture.

Harry Truman celebrates his victory by showing a headline that anticipated a victory that never was. On election eve in 1948 many newspapers and magazines were calling Dewey "the next President."

its end, an important new plateau."

The question is, will Bush point this out? Will he be able to carve a middle ground on the explosive race issue, using his appointment of Powell, Judge Clarence Thomas and other blacks to make a convincing case for his push for fairness without the ugly "Q" word—quotas—which whites (and some blacks) now see as unfair? Of course, quotas, demanded by the professional liberals who control the Democratic Party, will be a major problem for its nominee, too.

Rough, tough and serious as a campaign can become, there is another side of Truman's performance that Bush should not forget: his sense of humor. HST convulsed audiences with a routine that made fun of the pompous Dewey, whose speeches were a morass of platitudes and generalities. In one of his favorite routines, HST conducted an imaginary dialogue between John Q. Public and Dr. Dewey.

"You been bothered by any issues lately?" Dr. Dewey asked.

John Q. admitted he had a few issues that worried him. Inflation, housing, education. Dr. Dewey tut-tutted and said: "You shouldn't have so many issues. What you need is my brand of soothing syrup. I call it unity."

At other times, Truman would twirl an imaginary shysterish mustache while Dr. Dewey said: "You don't look so good."

"What's wrong with me?" uneasy John Q asked. "I never felt stronger, never had more money and never had a brighter future."

"You need an operation," Dr. Dewey said.

"Will it be serious, Doc?"

"Not at all. We'll just take out the whole works and put in a Republican administration."

Sometimes the President pictured Dewey as having a "high level tea party with the voters." But Truman insisted on dragging "that old reprobate, the 80th Congress out of the back room to disclose him to the guests as the candidate's nearest and dearest relative."

As Truman's campaign picked up momentum, his opponents on the right and left began to self destruct. Henry Wallace made a complete fool out of himself by comparing Communists to First Century Christians. Thurmond and his Dixiecrats only managed to get on the ballot in four states, after much legal squabbling.

Henry Graff says this is the way most campaigns go—certainly the way Bush's should go, if he hopes to win. "Winners are always in the center. That's where most of the voters are," Graff says. He points out that in '48 Truman got a higher percentage of the Catholic vote than Roosevelt did in '44 because the Communists and fellow travelers were all with Wallace and his Progressives. From this ironic viewpoint, Buchanan and Duke might have done George Bush a very inadvertent favor.

As an astute historian, Graff adds a cautionary note: "This presumes the economy or the world situation don't suddenly go into a crisis. Then all bets are off and far left or right of center messages could suddenly become very popular."

There is another aspect of Truman's campaign that George Bush and the Democratic nominee can both profitably emulate. HST once told me his presidency was based on a tombstone inscription he saw in Tucson, Arizona: "Here lies Joe Doakes. He done his damnedest." That is exactly what he did in his incredible 1948 whistlestop marathon which won him the nickname in the fall of '48,

Bush in 1992: His let's-be-friends-with-Congress stance may be a mistake that Truman did not make.

Harkin Brown Tsongas Kerrey Clinton Cuomo

Here's how I believe HST would comment on some of the Democrats who were candidates or who have been mentioned as candidates during 1992.

—Thomas Fleming

Tom Harkin — the sort of professional liberal that Truman scorned.

Jerry Brown — more than a match for Henry Wallace when it comes to loony idealism.

Paul Tsongas — a nice man but another Greek from Massachusetts cannot possibly win the general election — and HST was a very pragmatic politician. He always played to win.

Bob Kerrey — attractive but has more than a touch of professional liberalitis. Also suffers from foot in mouth disease.

Bill Clinton — probably would get HST's nod. He would see the Arkansas governor's attempt to bring the Democratic Party back to the center as its only hope of victory. Though Truman would take a dim view of his alleged extra-marital sex life.

Mario Cuomo — the dropout of 1992 would get nothing but the back of Truman's hand. HST would be unable to forgive a man who played Hamlet-on-the-Hudson with his beloved Democratic Party. To the end of his days, Truman blamed Adlai Stevenson's maybe-I-will maybe-I-won't-run act for wrecking the Democrats' chances in 1952.

"Give 'em hell, Harry!"

On Oct. 5, Truman wrote to his sister, after his first swing through the west: "I made about 140 stops and I spoke 147 times and shook hands with at least 30,000 people and am in good condition to start out again tomorrow for Wilmington, Philadelphia, Jersey City, Newark, Albany and Buffalo." All told, he travelled 31,700 miles and gave 356 speeches, an average of 10 a day.

After a final blast of hell-fire in St. Louis' Kiel Auditorium, Harry Truman went home to Independence, voted at 10 a.m. on November 2, 1948 and announced he had no plans to sit up and wait for the votes to be counted. He did not expect a result until the next morning. In the meantime, he planned to get a good night's sleep. Incredibly, that is exactly what he did.

In Washington D.C., columnist Drew Pearson, the Dan Rather of his day, was writing that the Republican candidate had conducted one of the most skillful campaigns in recent history. He devoted his column to analyzing the "closely knit group around Tom Dewey who will take over the White House." Other pundits, such as James Reston, saw a Democratic disaster of such proportions the United States might become a one-party country. *The New York Times* solemnly guaranteed Dewey 354 electoral votes. *Life* Magazine's cover was a picture of Dewey and his wife, captioned: "the next President travels by ferry boat over the broad waters of San Francisco Bay."

Around midnight in Missouri, Truman awoke and turned on the radio. H.V. Kaltenborn, the conservatives' favorite commentator, was reporting the President was 1,200,000 votes ahead but he assured his listeners it meant nothing, Truman was still a guaranteed loser. HST went back to sleep. At 4 a.m. his secret service guard awoke him. Kaltenborn was now reporting Truman was 2,000,000 votes ahead but was still hoarsely insisting he was a dead duck. Those of us who stayed awake throughout that historic night can still hear Kaltenborn's frantic rasping bewilderment.

The next morning, Truman, one of the few people in the country who had gotten eight hours sleep, joined his frazzled aides at the Muehlbach Hotel in Kansas City to learn that he had won 304 electoral votes and the election. Even more amazing, his all-out fiery rhetoric had carried into office enough Democrats to control the Congress. So George, if you want a Republican Congress for the first time since you've been President, maybe you too should start breathing more fire.

While Truman was enroute to Washington, someone gave him a copy of the bulldog edition of the ultra conservative Chicago Tribune, which had been predicting his defeat with venomous delight throughout the campaign. The huge headline shouted: "Dewey Defeats Truman." He held it up to cheering crowds wherever his train stopped.

It is not likely that any newspaper or magazine will repeat those wonderful boners of 1948 this time around. But the reporters and TV anchors will try to make the candidates and the voters think the election's outcome is visible in the polls. Maybe all hands should remember that Harry Truman called them "sleeping polls" and suggested Dr. Dewey was administering them to the public.

There, once more, was the refreshing irreverence toward the media establishment that was the hidden hallmark of Harry Truman's give 'em hell campaign. No one summed it up better than Margaret Truman. "I have always believed that the great difference between Harry S Truman and Thomas E. Dewey in 1948 was Dad's uninhibited refusal to be anyone but himself."

Are you listening, George? ■

LIZ TAYLOR

Yesterday a Victim,

By Jerry Lazar

Elizabeth Taylor tells you, without bragging, that she cannot remember a time when she wasn't famous. Though she has not made a memorable movie in nearly a quarter of a century, she is arguably the most recognizable actress in the world. No, not merely an actress, but a star, a legend. If, that is, legends wrote self-help diet books, checked into drug-rehab clinics, hawked perfume at department stores and, after numerous failed marriages, settled in with a construction worker 20 years her junior.

"People who think it's fun to be famous should try it for a while," Liz (a nickname she detests) has said not without anger. She is famous, first and foremost, for her beauty—and for recapturing it after she let it slip away. She once claimed to have a 37-19-36 figure, and she became as notorious for the ampleness of the 37 as for the fluctuations of the 19. She became the butt of public jokes, most memorably Joan Rivers' ("Elizabeth Taylor has more chins than the Hong Kong phonebook"). Since then, Taylor has gone from a blimpish 180 pounds to a svelte 120.

Uncharacteristically, she wrote a self-confessional diet book that became a 1988 best seller, *Elizabeth Takes Off*. She admitted to overeating because she lost her self-esteem as a Washington wife. ("After my husband, John Warner, was

Opposite page: Becoming faint after receiving an Oscar as 1960's best actress, Elizabeth is helped off the stage by Bob Hope and Burt Lancaster. A pneumonia attack had almost killed her a few months earlier. Today (left) she speaks out, here at a Congressional hearing, on the need for more money for AIDS research.

Today a Trail Blazer

elected to the U.S. Senate, I had become redundant.")

In the book she mentions how comedian John Belushi once satirized one of her eating excesses: She nearly choked to death after swallowing a fried-chicken bone that had to be surgically plucked from her throat. Belushi, Taylor tartly points out, later died from his own excessive behavior.

She, on the other hand, survives.

A survivor, again arguably, both despite herself and because of herself. Not only has 60-year-old Elizabeth Taylor survived, she has become what one journalist calls—after watching her rise in the past decade to become a fantastically successful sales personality and outspoken champion for the anti-AIDS crusade—"a force of nature. She marches to her own drummer." Says another long-time Taylor observer: "Elizabeth has become a pioneer, a trail blazer."

Her life story reads like an overripe script for an afternoon TV soap. A 12-year-old refugee from wartime England, she starred in 1944 as a plucky jockey in *National Velvet*. Her violet eyes melted movie audiences. An instant star, her face splashed on the covers of countless fan magazines, she was only 16 when she began her first love affair, dating All-American West Point football player Glenn Davis. That ended when he was shipped overseas. Still in her teens, she married hotel heir Nicky Hilton and, still a teenager, divorced him.

Since then, not only has she wed six other husbands, but she married and divorced one of them (Richard Burton) twice. She has been married to a man old enough to be her father (Mike Todd) and to a man young enough (current husband Larry Fortensky) to be her son. Her weddings, big and small, have taken place in settings as diverse as a Virginia cattle ranch and a mud-hut village in an African game preserve.

One fiancé (millionaire William Pawley) and one husband (millionaire John Warner) demanded that she give up her acting career for domesticity and both times she meekly said "yes"—both times to her regret. She came back to a career brimming with triumphs. Between 1958 and 1968, she was consistently a top-10 box office draw, peaking at No. 1 in 1961. She was the first star brazen enough to ask for $1 million per picture, plus a percentage of the profits—and she got what she wanted. She has made more than 60 movies with leading men like Paul Newman and Marlon Brando. She won Oscars

A pert teenager, the English-born Elizabeth became famous in films about animals, notably ones about a dog (Lassie) and a horse (National Velvet).

The tiny-waisted girl with a face of classic beauty, Elizabeth blossomed into a woman who once told a reporter she could never imagine herself not married.

"A lot of people are speaking out about AIDS because it's trendy, but she really cares"

for *Butterfield 8* and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* and got Oscar nominations for *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, *Raintree County*, and *Suddenly Last Summer*.

Her legend blossomed off-screen. She became famous for her jewelry. Her gems, given to her by Richard Burton, included the $305,000 33.19 carat Krupp diamond, which she still wears, and an inch-long 69.42 carat diamond, bought in 1969 for $1 million, which she sold for a reported three times that much in the early 1980s.

Taylor became equally famous for her misfortunes and maladies, including more than 35 major illnesses and surgeries and at least five documented brushes with death. She suffered through a hysterectomy and hemorrhoid surgery, amoebic dysentery and a salivary gland infection. A splinter blew into her eye and had to be taken out surgically. She has wrenched her back, ruptured leg ligaments, broken her finger, severed an artery in her forearm.

She was hospitalized for nervous collapses and measles. In 1956 she had a spinal fusion for a back that pains her to this day. In 1961 she nearly died during a pneumonia attack; an emergency tracheotomy operation saved her life. In 1990 the scenario was eerily replayed when she was again hospitalized with pneumonia; doctors gave her a 30 percent chance of surviving. (Rumors swept through the tabloid press that she was dying of cancer or AIDS.) All in all, it seems miraculous that she survived the only two actresses of this half-century equal to her in fame—Judy Garland and Marilyn Monroe.

She not only survived, Elizabeth Taylor has become in many ways a pioneer. Her blatant disregard for what other people say about her leaps in and out of beds—both marital and otherwise—has steeled her to blaze new trails for herself and others and to sample new career choices that make her a role model for women both older and younger than 60.

In 1982, shortly after Richard Burton died, Taylor checked into the Betty Ford Center to overcome her

The star of* Cleopatra*, she was the first star to earn $1 million a picture. Making the film in Rome, she met Richard Burton, whom she would marry, divorce and remarry.

Famous for her jewelry, like this diamond necklace, Elizabeth as she went past her 40th birthday also was becoming famous for an ample bosom.

alcohol and pill addictions She became one of the first celebrities to engage in that democraticized, soul-searching program, paving the way for a parade of others.

"Oh, it's rough in there," she recently told *Life*'s Brad Darrah about her month-long stay at Betty Ford. "There are no bars, but you're a goddamn inmate. But it's the results that count. The deeper you dig, the more pain you bring up. And the greater the pain, the greater the benefit.

"We had to keep diaries, which were read every day by our counselors. Sometimes I'd write in my journal until midnight. Day and night, Big Brother was watching. In my case, Big Sister. One of the women counselors was specially tough with me."

Free of her addictions, she picked up the cudgels for the cause of financing more AIDS research. She became an AIDS activist at not the most politically correct time. In the mid-1980s, many Americans looked upon AIDS as something sinful brought on by gays behaving in a sexually perverse way. In 1985, two weeks before her long-time friend, Rock Hudson, died of AIDS, Taylor raised over a million dollars for AIDS research in one evening by calling on hundreds of Hollywood stars to appear at an annual Commitment to Life Benefit. Since that night, she went on to raise $40 million for AIDS research.

Again, while staying oblivious to the tabloid hints that she herself was an AIDS victim, Taylor blazed a trail that other stars have since followed.

"People should give their time and money to help find a cure," she says. "It's our moral responsibility to educate people about safe sex. People shouldn't stop having sex—I'd be the last person in the world to advo-

The Fortenskys: "I went through agonies about the age difference," she says. "He (Larry) thought I was ridiculous ever to mention it...I think he was right. I have just as much energy as he does."

cate that—but safe sex is important.

"Why have I become involved? Because of the stigma that AIDS was considered a homosexual disease. It offended my sensibilities because I know so many homosexuals. It outraged my sense of fairness. Well, now I'm doing everything I can. This work means more to me than anything I've ever done as an actress."

Says Veronica Woolston, a Los Angeles magazine writer: "A lot of people are speaking out about AIDS because it's trendy, but she really cares. When most celebrities talk about a cause, they tend to just get angry. She has a gentler approach—more from the heart."

For millions of women seeking to switch to a second career in these turbulent economic times, Taylor could serve as a role model. Not having made a movie since NBC-TV's *Sweet Bird of Youth* in 1988—and only a handful of other made-for-TV movies in the entire 1980s—Taylor changed careers and began a second career as a perfume entrepreneur. Crisscrossing the country to appear at department stores, she introduced *Passion*, *Passion for Men*, and *White Diamonds*. At $170 per ounce, *Passion* is one of the most popular scents ever introduced in the U.S. Taylor has designated a portion of its $70 million annual profits for AIDS research.

Future social historians may find that Taylor, already a role model for millions of beauty-conscious women, pioneered the way for society's acceptance of older women marrying younger men. Even in a time of liberated women, most men and women still either frown or laugh when they talk about 60-year-old rich women marrying 40-year-old laborers. Taylor is a multi-millionairess, Larry Fortensky an $18-an-hour construction worker. Judgements came wearing the usual cliches: She needs a stud, he is a kept man.

If this affair of the heart be trail blazing or not for other women who decide to marry younger men, Taylor will tell them that her first step down the trail was not an easy one to take. "I went through agonies about the age difference," Taylor says. "He (Larry) thought I was ridiculous ever to mention it. And now, after four years (of their relationship), I think he was right. I have just as much energy as he does."

She and Larry, who is a recovering alcoholic (they met at Betty Ford), have made it clear to both their friends and the public that Larry Fortensky will never be called Mr. Elizabeth Taylor, no more than Elizabeth Taylor is likely ever to be greeted as Mrs. Larry Fortensky.

"The truth is, I like the work I do," says the slender, reddish-haired Fortensky. "I like the dirt. I like the mountains—I could never work indoors. I like the big machines. Mostly I run a water pool, which is a humongous water wagon that works like a sprinkler to soften the ground...I work eight hours, ten hours. Then come home, be with Elizabeth, have my life. When I'm not working, I get kind of screwy, you know? I wander, shoot baskets, clean out the garage....Guys ask me, 'Why do you work?' Why do I work? I say, 'Why do *you* work?'"

"They think because he's got a rich wife, why work?" Taylor told Brad Darrah. "It's like asking, 'Why maintain your balls?'"

And with that last barb thrown at her critics, Elizabeth Taylor marches to her own drummers down her own trails and into her 61st year apparently happily married, more beautiful and shapelier than she has been in 20 years, rich, busy with her perfume business, and active with old and new friends in the AIDS cause.

Remembering a younger Elizabeth Taylor, she says, "Everything was handed to me. Looks, fame, wealth, honors, love. I rarely had to fight for anything. But I've paid for that luck with disasters...terrible illnesses, destructive addictions, broken marriages..."

In the last 10 years she has had to fight for almost everything—for an unpopular cause, to free herself of perilous dependencies, to establish herself in a new business, and to survive an attack of pneumonia that brought her to death's door. Says Elizabeth Taylor, yesterday's victim and today's trail blazer, "At 60 I'm counting my blessings." ■

Jerry Lazar writes frequently about Hollywood personalities.

But What Is She Really Like?

Snapshots of a living legend by Los Angeles writers who have met Elizabeth Taylor one-on-one over the years:

Society reporter Bill Higgins: "The first thing you notice is that she has a much prettier voice than you'd expect. I was struck by how melodious it was."

Society reporter Jeannine Stein: "She doesn't walk through a crowd, she floats through it. Madonna has a purposeful walk; her vision is directed. Elizabeth Taylor is like in a bubble, her eyes not focusing on anything, always looking great, with a beatific smile on her face that says, 'I am a glamorous movie star.' But she's a whole different grade of star. Even other celebrities stop and stare."

Magazine writer Elaine Warren, who first met her on the set of NBC's *Sweet Bird of Youth* in 1988 and found her giggling girlishly with men on the set:

"I would not describe her reception as effusive or warm. She's definitely a man's woman, not a woman's woman. She has mastered the tricky art of greeting visitors graciously but without really smiling, the way starlets used to be taught to curl the edges of their lips without creating wrinkles. She has an intensive gaze and talks in a whisper—without revealing anything more than she has to. [There is] an invisible shield that makes it seem like a terrible violation if you ask a probing question or venture into personal terrain."

Their comic genius built a TV sitcom into a $20 million entertainment colossus. Then, like so many husbands and wives who go into business together (Donald and Ivana Trump were not the first nor the last), cheating and flaming egos tore their marriage apart. But this one shattered with a climax so bizarre that not even one of their zany scriptwriters would have dared to write the final scene of. . .

The Last 'I Love Lucy' Show

By Warren G. Harris

Lucy and Desi. Lucy and Ricky. As far as the public knew, the private life of the Arnazes closely resembled that of the Ricardos on the TV screen; a camera crew just dropped by once a week to film a half hour of slapstick and tender kisses.

But in truth, the marriage between Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, which had been tempestuous from the start, became unadulterated hell during the eight years that *I Love Lucy* was on the air. The romantic flame had all but gone out.

"The last two or three years of the show, everybody connected with it knew the problems we were having," Lucy recalled. "The writers must have thought twice about some of the scenes, but they put them in and we did them. We could forget about our troubles while we were working. It really made it seem almost like nothing *was* wrong."

Desi's boozing and philandering, plus their incompatible ego tempers, were pulling the marriage apart. Two young children, as well as joint business commitments worth $20 million, were the main reason they stayed together. Their Desilu Productions company was the colossus of the TV industry, involved not only in *I Love Lucy* but in a total of nearly thirty shows on all three major networks.

The marriage had endured for almost two decades, confounding all those who predicted it would last six months at the most. "In the beginning, Desi needed me and I wanted him. Then I very much wanted his children. That's why I stayed so long. First I hung on wanting kids; then I hung on because I did have kids. But it got to the point where it was bad for the children to witness what was happening," Lucy said.

"I was hoping in my heart that maybe everything would change, that a miracle might happen, maybe, maybe, maybe. But people don't change. Desi was self-destructive. Whenever he built something, he couldn't wait to tear it down. Like our lives. The man had everything, but he couldn't handle it."

For two such unhappy people, there had to be a breaking point. It finally came in November 1959, just days before their nineteenth wedding anniversary. This time, hell broke loose while Lucy and Desi were discussing some production matters in his office at Desilu Studios. Desi, as usual these days, had drunk too many daiquiris, but Lucy ignored it until he belched loudly, not once, but twice.

"You pissy-eyed bastard," she screamed. She picked up an empty cocktail glass from the desk, hurled

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From LUCY & DESI *by Warren G. Harris. Copyright © 1991 by Warren G. Harris. Reprinted by permission of Simon & Schuster Inc.*

Happy days for Lucy and Desi: Their Desilu empire put out nearly 30 shows for all three TV networks.

it against the wall, and stormed out.

Desi wavered a bit getting to his feet, then chased after his wife. He caught up with her in the hallway as she stopped to sip at the water fountain.

"Lucy, I want a divorce," he said. "I just can't take it anymore."

Lucy's huge blue eyes glared murderously at him, but she said nothing. She just turned her back on Desi and walked away. A studio corridor was no place for an argument. But when Desi got home. . .

The Arnazes resided in a white Colonial mansion at 1000 North Roxbury Drive, in the flatland of Beverly Hills. Desi's duties as chief executive officer of Desilu kept him late at the studio, so eight-year-old Lucie and six-year-old Desi Jr. had long gone to bed by the time he returned around midnight.

Lucy was sitting in the living room waiting for him. Wearing a dressing gown, she looked up from a dog-eared copy of Norman Vincent Peale's *The Power of Positive Thinking*, which had helped her through many a crisis over the years. The last cigarette from a pack opened after dinner dangled from her lips.

"Did you really mean what you said this morning?"

"Yes, I'm very sorry, but I did," Desi replied. "I cannot keep on living this way."

Lucy flew into a tantrum. "Why don't you die then? That would be a better solution. Better for the children. Better for everybody."

Desi tried to remain calm. "I'm sorry, but dying is not on my immediate schedule."

He started upstairs. Lucy trailed after him, shouting insult after insult. "You cheat! You drunken bum! I've got enough on you to hang you. By the time I get through with you, you'll be as broke as when you left Cuba. You goddam spic . . . you wetback!"

Lucy and Desi no longer shared the master bedroom. He had moved into the dressing room that adjoined it. With Lucy still breathing down his neck, he went to his bureau and took out a cardboard matchbook.

Just as Desi was about to light a cigarette, Lucy reached into the pocket of her robe, pulled out a pistol and squeezed the trigger.

Although she seemed angry enough to kill, the gun was actually a cigarette lighter used for comic effect in one of the early episodes of *I Love Lucy*. Desi calmly lit a cigarette on the flame and then showed Lucy the matchbook in his hand.

Scrawled inside it, in Lucy's own hand, was a man's name, address, and telephone number. Whatever the writing proved (Desi may have been saving it for years), it was enough to make Lucy blush as red as her flamboyantly dyed hair.

"I know you didn't mean every-

thing you said, but for the sake of the children let's try to make this as amicable as possible," Desi said. "We'll get a good lawyer for you and you'll be the one to sue for divorce. We'll have no trouble arriving at a fair financial settlement, and all that other stuff. But please, Lucy, don't ever threaten me again."

Desi packed some clothes in a suitcase and left. The couple never lived under the same roof again. "That was a blessing in itself, because when we weren't together, we couldn't yell at each other," Lucy recalled.

With considerable help from the PR image polishers at CBS and Desilu, Lucy and Desi kept the separation secret until production was completed on their final program of the season. They couldn't risk getting involved in a public scandal that might cause their ultraconservative sponsor, Westinghouse Electric, to cancel their contract.

By this time in its history, *I Love Lucy* had evolved into a series of one-hour specials that were shown periodically as part of the weekly anthology series *Desilu Playhouse*. The finale to the 1959-60 season was entitled "Lucy Meets the Mustache," with comedian Ernie Kovacs and his singer wife, Edie Adams, as guest stars.

It happened to be the 193rd "Lucy and Ricky" script since the series started in 1951. The filming became a highly emotional experience for Lucy and Desi, who realized it was probably the very last time that they would ever enact those characters. Even now it became a strain as both tried to conceal the hurt and disappointment over their failed marriage.

Desi was also directing "Lucy Meets the Mustache," so that compounded the problem. "By that point, Lucy and Desi weren't speaking to each other. Someone would come over and say, 'Miss Ball, Mr. Arnaz

would like you to do so-and-so.' Every time they wanted to film a funny scene, Lucy would break down and cry. Nobody could stand to watch it," Edie Adams recalled.

The plot had Lucy masquerading as a male chauffeur in order to get Ricky a job on Ernie Kovacs' TV show. In the traditional kiss-and-make-up fadeout, Ricky forgives Lucy's meddling, and they go into a passionate clinch.

"We looked at each other, embraced, and kissed," Desi remembered. "This was not just an ordinary kiss for a scene in a show. It was a kiss that would wrap up twenty years of love and friendship, triumphs and failures, ecstasy and sex, jealousy and regrets, heartbreaks and laughter. And tears. The only thing we were not able to hide was the tears."

"It was a kiss that would wrap up twenty years of love and friendship, triumphs and failures, ecstasy and sex . . ."

Following the kiss, the couple just stood there staring at each other. Finally, Lucy said, "You're the director. You're supposed to say 'cut.'"

"I know," Desi said. "Cut, goddam it!" ■

Highlights from some of the 193* I Love Lucy *episodes (top, left to right): The four permanent members of the cast—Lucy, Desi, Vivian Vance and William Frawley; Lucy (as usual) in trouble and dripping icicles; the co-stars go Scottish; their last guest stars Edie Adams and Ernie Kovacs. (Bottom, left to right): Lucy, Vivian and friend in a chocolate factory; Desi and Vivian tend to a Lucy who is faking an illness with symptoms prescribed for laughter.

Wall Street

The master stock picker of this generation, Peter Lynch tells why people keep losing money in the market. They do the 12-Silliest-Things Rag

Peter Lynch is often called America's most successful investor. As manager of the Fidelity Magellan Fund, he boosted its value 2,703% in 10 years. He is now retired.

I'm constantly amazed at popular explanations of why stocks behave the way they do, which are volunteered by amateurs and professionals alike. We've made great advances in eliminating ignorance and superstition in medicine and in weather reports, we laugh at our ancestors for blaming bad harvests on corn gods, and we wonder, "How could a smart man like Pythagoras think that evil spirits hide in rumpled bedsheets?" However, we're perfectly willing to believe that who wins the Super Bowl might have something to do with stock prices.

Moving back and forth from graduate school to my summer job at Fidelity, I first realized that even the most intelligent professors on the subject are as wrong about stocks as Pythagoras was about beds.

Since then I've heard a continuous stream of theories, each as misguided as the last, which have filtered down to the general public.

The myths and misconceptions are numerous, but I've written a few of them down. These are the Twelve Silliest Things People Say About Stock Prices.

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Illustration by Walt McGovern

By Peter Lynch

Follies

If It's Gone Down This Much Already, It Can't Go Much Lower

That's a good one. I'd bet the owners of Polaroid shares were repeating this very phrase just after the stock had fallen a third of the way along its long drop from a high of $143\frac{1}{2}$. Polaroid had been a solid company with a blue-chip reputation, so when the earnings collapsed and the sales collapsed, a lot of people didn't pay attention to how overpriced Polaroid really was. Instead they continued to reassure themselves that if "it's gone down this much already, it can't go much lower," and probably also threw in "good companies always come back," "you have to be patient in the stock market," and "there's no sense getting scared out of a good thing."

These phrases were no doubt heard again and again around investor households, and in the bank portfolio departments, as Polaroid stock sank to $100, then to $90, and then $80. As the stock broke below $75, the "can't go much lower" faction must have grown into a small mob, and at $50 you could have heard the phrase repeated by every other Polaroid owner who held on.

New owners were buying Polaroid all the way down on the theory that it couldn't go much lower, and many of them must have regretted that decision, because in fact Polaroid did go much lower. This great stock fell from $143\frac{1}{2}$ to $14\frac{1}{8}$ in less than a year, and only then did "it can't go much lower" turn out to be true. So much for the it-can't-go-lower theory.

There's simply no rule that tells you how low a stock can go in principle. I learned this lesson for myself in 1971, when I was an eager but somewhat inexperienced analyst at Fidelity. Kaiser Industries had already dropped from $25 to $13. On my recommendation Fidelity bought five million shares—one of the biggest blocks ever traded in the history of the American Stock Exchange—when the stock hit $11. I confidently asserted that there was no way the stock could go below $10.

When it reached $8, I called my mother and told her to go out and buy it, since it was absolutely inconceivable that Kaiser would drop below $7.50. Fortunately my mother didn't listen to me. I watched with horror as Kaiser faded from $7 to $6 to $4 in 1973—where it finally proved that it couldn't go much lower.

The portfolio managers at Fidelity held on to their five million shares, on the theory that if Kaiser had been a good buy at $11, it was undoubtedly a bargain at $4. Since I was the analyst who recommended it, I kept having to reassure them that it had a good balance sheet. In fact, it cheered us all up to discover that with only

25 million shares outstanding, at the $4 price the entire company was selling for $100 million. That same money would have bought you four Boeing 747s back then. Today, you'd get one plane with no engines.

The stock market had driven Kaiser so low that this powerful company, with its real estate, aluminum, steel, cement, shipbuilding, aggregates, fiberglass, engineering, and broadcasting businesses—not to mention jeeps—was selling for the price of four airplanes. The company had very little debt. Even if it were liquidated for the assets, we calculated that it was worth $40 a share. Nowadays a raider would have swooped in and taken it over.

Soon enough Kaiser Industries did rebound to $30 a share, but not before the drop to $4 had cured me of any further urge to announce, "It can't possibly go any lower than this."

You Can Always Tell When a Stock's Hit Bottom

Bottom fishing is a popular investor pastime, but it's usually the fisherman who gets hooked. Trying to catch the bottom on a falling stock is like trying to catch a falling knife. It's normally a good idea to wait until the knife hits the ground and sticks, then vibrates for a while and settles down before you try to grab it. Grabbing a rapidly falling stock results in painful surprises, because inevitably you grab it in the wrong place.

If you get interested in buying a turnaround, it ought to be for a more sensible reason than the stock's gone down so far it looks like up to you. Maybe you realize that business is picking up, and you check the balance sheet and you see that the company has $11 per share in cash and the stock is selling for $14.

But even so, you aren't going to be able to pick the bottom on the price. What usually happens is that a stock sort of vibrates itself out before it starts up again. Generally this process takes two or three years, but sometimes even longer.

If It's Gone This High Already, How Can It Possibly Go Higher?

Right you are, unless of course you are talking about a Philip Morris or a Subaru. That Philip Morris is one of the greatest stocks of all time is obvious. I've already mentioned how Subaru could have made us all millionaires, if we'd bought the stock instead of the car.

If you bought Philip Morris in the 1950s for the equivalent of 75 cents a share, then you might have been tempted to sell it for $2.50 a share in 1961, on the theory that this stock couldn't go much higher. Eleven years later, with the stock selling at seven times the 1961 price and 23 times the 1950s price, you might once again have concluded that Philip Morris couldn't go higher. But if you sold it then, you would have missed the next sevenbagger on top of the last 23-bagger.

"There's no arbitrary limit to how high a stock can go..."

Whoever managed to ride Philip Morris all the way would have seen their 75-cent shares blossom into $124.50 shares, and a $1,000 investment end up as a $166,000 result. And that doesn't even include the $23,000 in dividends you picked up along the way.

If I'd bothered to ask myself, "How can this stock possibly go higher," I would never have bought Subaru after it already had gone up twentyfold. But I checked the fundamentals, realized that Subaru was still cheap, bought the stock, and made sevenfold after that.

The point is, there's no arbitrary limit to how high a stock can go, and if the story is still good, the earnings continue to improve, and the fundamentals haven't changed, "can't go much higher" is a terrible reason to snub a stock. Shame on all those experts who advise clients to sell automatically after they double their money. You'll never get a tenbagger doing that.

Stocks such as Philip Morris, Shoney's, Masco, McDonald's, and Stop & Shop have broken the "can't go much higher" barriers year after year.

Frankly, I've never been able to predict which stocks will go up tenfold, or which will go up fivefold. I try to stick with them as long as the story's intact, hoping to be pleasantly surprised. The success of a company isn't the surprise, but what the shares bring often is. I remember buying Stop & Shop as a conservative, dividend-paying stock, and then the fundamentals kept improving and I realized I had a fast grower on my hands.

It's Only $3 a Share: What Can I Lose?

How many times have you heard people say this? Maybe you've said it yourself. You come across some stock that sells for $3 a share, and already you're thinking, "It's a lot safer than buying a $50 stock."

I put in twenty years in the business before it finally dawned on me that whether a stock costs $50 a share or $1 a share, if it goes to zero you still lose everything. If it goes to 50 cents a share, the results are slightly different. The investor who bought in at $50 a share loses 99 percent of his investment, and the investor who bought in at $3 loses 83 percent, but what's the consolation in that?

The point is that a lousy cheap stock is just as risky as a lousy expensive stock if it goes down. If you'd invested $1,000 in a $43 stock or a $3 stock and each fell to zero, you'd have lost exactly the same amount. No matter where you buy in, the ultimate down-side of picking the wrong stock is always the identical 100 percent.

Yet I'm certain there are buyers who can't resist a bargain at $3 and say to themselves: "What can I lose?"

It's interesting to note that the professional short sellers, who profit on stocks that go down in price, usually take their positions nearer to the bottom than to the top. The short sellers like to wait until a company is so obviously foundering that bankruptcy is a certainty. It doesn't bother them to get involved at $8 or $6 a share instead of $60, because if the stock goes to zilch, they'll make exactly the same profit in either instance.

And guess who they're selling to when the stock's at $8 or $6? All those hapless investors who are telling themselves, "How can I lose?"

Eventually They Always Come Back

So will the Visigoths and the Picts, and Genghis Khan will ride again. People said RCA would come back, and after 65 years it never did. This was a world-famous successful company. Johns-Manville is another world-famous company that hasn't come back, and with all the asbestos lawsuits filed against it, the possibilities are too open-ended to measure. By printing hundreds of millions of new shares, the company has also diluted its earnings, just as Navistar did.

If I could only remember the names, I could give you a much longer list of smaller and lesser-known public companies whose blips have disappeared from the Quotrons forever. Perhaps you've invested in a few of these yourself—I wouldn't want to think I was the only one. When you consider the thousands of bankrupt companies, plus the solvent companies that never regain their former prosperity, plus the companies that get bought out at prices that are far below the all-time highs, you can begin to see the weakness in the "they always come back" argument.

After 65 years, RCA never came back

Health Maintenance Organizations, floppy disks, double knits, digital watches, and mobile home stocks didn't come back.

It's Always Darkest before the Dawn

There's a very human tendency to believe that things that have gotten a little bad can't get any worse. In 1981 there were 4,520 active oil-drilling rigs in the U.S., and by 1984 the number had fallen to 2,200. At that point many people bought oil-service stocks, believing that the worst was over. But two years after that, there were only 686 active rigs, and today there are still fewer than 1,000.

People who invest on the basis of freight-car deliveries were amazed when business dropped from a peak of 95,650 units delivered in 1979, to a low of 44,800 in 1981. This was the lowest total in 17 years, and nobody imagined it could get much worse, until it dropped to 17,582 units in 1982, and then to 5,700 in 1983. This was a whopping 90 percent decline in a once-vibrant industry.

Sometimes it's always darkest before the dawn, but then again, other times it's always darkest before pitch black.

When It Rebounds to $10, I'll Sell

In my experience no downtrodden stock ever returns to the level at which you've decided you'd sell. In fact, the minute you say, "If it gets back to $10, I'll sell," you've probably doomed the stock to several years of teetering around just below $9.75 before it keels over to $4, on its way to falling flat on its face at $1. This whole painful process may take a decade, and all the while you're tolerating an investment you don't even like, and only because some inner voice tells you to get $10 for it.

Whenever I'm tempted to fall for this one, I remind myself that unless I'm confident enough in the company to buy more shares, I ought to be selling immediately.

What Me Worry? Conservative Stocks Don't Fluctuate Much

Two generations of conservative investors grew up on the idea that you couldn't go wrong with utility stocks. You could just put these worry-free issues in the safety-deposit box and cash the dividend checks. Then suddenly there were nuclear problems and rate-base problems, and stocks such as Consolidated Edison lost 80 percent of their value. Then, just as suddenly, Con Edison gained back more than it had lost.

With the economic and regulatory troubles caused by expensive nuclear plants, the so-called stable utility sector has become just as volatile and treacherous as the savings-and-loan industry or the computer stocks. There are now electric companies that were or can be tenbaggers up and tenbaggers down. You can win big or lose big, depending on how lucky or careful you are at choosing the right utility.

Investors who didn't catch on to this new situation right away must have suffered terrible financial and psychological punishment. Their so-called prudent investments in Public Service of Indiana or Gulf States Utilities or Public Service of New Hampshire turned out to be as risky as if they'd taken fliers in unknown start-up biogenetic firms—or actually riskier since they weren't aware of the dangers.

Companies are dynamic, and prospects change. There simply isn't a stock you can own that you can afford to ignore.

It's Taking Too Long for Anything to Ever Happen

Here's something else that's certain to occur: If you give up on a stock because you're tired of waiting for something wonderful to happen, then something wonderful will begin to happen the day after you get rid of it. I call this the postdivestiture flourish.

Merck tested everybody's patience. This stock went nowhere from 1972 to 1981, even though earnings grew steadily at an average of 14 percent a year. Then what happened? It shot up fourfold in the next five years. Who knows how many unhappy investors got out of Merck because they were tired of waiting, or because they yearned for more "action." If they had kept up to date on the story, they wouldn't have sold.

The stock of Angelica Corporation, manufacturers of career apparel, hardly budged a nickel from 1974 to 1979. American Greetings was dead for eight years; GAF Corporation for eleven; Brunswick for the entire 1970s; Smith-Kline (before Tagamet) for half the 1960s and half the 1970s; Harcourt Brace through Nixon, Carter, and the first Reagan administration; and Lukens didn't move for fourteen years.

I stuck with Merck because I'm accustomed to hanging around with a stock when the price is going nowhere. Most of the money I make is in the third or fourth year that I've owned something—only with Merck it took a little longer. If all's right with the company, and whatever attracted me in the first place hasn't changed, then I'm confident that sooner or later my patience will be rewarded.

This going nowhere for several years, which I call the "EKG of a rock," is actually a favorable omen. Whenever I see the EKG of a rock on the chart of a stock to which I'm already attracted, I take it as a strong hint that the next major move may be up.

It takes remarkable patience to hold on to a stock in a company that excites you, but which everybody else seems to ignore. You begin to think everybody else is right and you are wrong. But where the fundamentals are promising, patience is often rewarded—Lukens stock went up sixfold in the fifteenth year, American Greetings was a sixbagger in six years, Angelica a sevenbagger in

four, Brunswick a sixbagger in five, and SmithKline a threebagger in two.

Look at All the Money I've Lost: I Didn't Buy It!

We'd all be much richer today if we'd put all our money into Crown, Cork, and Seal at 50 cents a share (split-adjusted)! But now that you know this, open your wallet and check your latest bank statement. You'll notice the money's still there. In fact, you aren't a cent poorer than you were a second ago, when you found out about the great fortune you missed in Crown, Cork, and Seal.

This may sound like a ridiculous thing to mention, but I know that some of my fellow investors torture themselves every day by perusing the "ten biggest winners on the New York Stock Exchange" and imagining how much money they've lost by not having owned them. The same thing happens with baseball cards, jewelry, furniture, and houses.

Regarding somebody else's gains as your own personal losses is not a productive attitude for investing in the stock market. In fact, it can only lead to total madness. The more stocks you learn about, the more winners you realize that you've missed, and soon enough you're blaming yourself for losses in the billions and trillions. If you get out of stocks entirely and the market goes up 100 points a day, you'll be waking up and muttering: "I've just suffered a $110 billion setback."

The worst part about this kind of thinking is that it leads people to try to play catch up by buying stocks they shouldn't buy, if only to protect themselves from losing more than they've already "lost." This usually results in real losses.

I Missed That One, I'll Catch the Next One

The trouble is, the "next" one rarely works, as we've already shown. If you missed Toys "R" Us, a great company that continued to go up, and then bought Greenman Brothers, a mediocre company that went down, then you've compounded your error. Actually you've taken a mistake that cost you nothing (remember, you didn't lose anything by not buying Toys "R" Us) and turned it into a mistake that cost you plenty.

If you failed to buy Home Depot at a low price, and then bought Scotty's, the "next Home Depot," then you probably made another mistake, because Home Depot is up twenty-fivefold since it came public, and Scotty's is up only 25-30 percent, underperforming the general market over the same period.

The same thing happened if you missed Piedmont and bought People Express, or you missed the Price Club and bought the Warehouse Club. In most cases it's better to buy the original good company at a high price than it is to jump on the "next one" at a bargain price.

The Stock's Gone Up, So I Must Be Right, or. . . The Stock's Gone Down So I Must Be Wrong

If I had to choose a great single fallacy of investing, it's believing that when a stock's price goes up, then you've made a good investment. People often take comfort when their recent purchase of something at $5 a share goes up to $6, as if that proves the wisdom of the purchase. Nothing could be further from the truth. Of course, if you sell quickly at the higher price, then you've made a fine profit, but most people don't sell in these favorable circumstances. Instead they convince themselves that the higher price proves that the investment is worthwhile, and they hold on to the stock until the lower price convinces them the investment is no good. If it's a choice, they hold on to the stock that's risen from $10 to $12, and they get rid of the one that's dropped from $10 to $8, while telling themselves that they have "kept the winner and dumped the loser."

That's just what might have happened back in 1981, when Zapata, an oil stock at the height of the energy boom, must have seemed far more pleasant to own than Ethyl Corp., a so-called "dog that got run over" because of the EPA ban on its main product—lead additives for gasoline. However, the "better" stock of these two went from $35 to $2, and you couldn't have bailed that one out with the Big Dipper. Meanwhile Ethyl was getting great results from its specialty chemicals division, improved performance overseas, and rapid consistent growth from its insurance operation. Ethyl stock went from $2 to $32.

So when people say, "Look, in two months it's up 20 percent, so I really picked a winner," or "Terrible, in two months it's down 20 percent, so I really picked a loser," they're confusing prices with prospects. Unless they are short-term traders who are looking for 20-percent gains, the short-term fanfare means absolutely nothing. ■

She has married nine men and had lovers like Sean Connery, so who would know better than Zsa Zsa how you can meet...

The Men of Other

When I'm interviewed by journalists who ask how a woman can get a man to marry her, I always joke that the best way is to have a big bosom and a small brain. But really, I only mean half of that—the bosom half. I think that although men find thin model girl types very attractive out of bed—because when they walk into a room with a model on their arm every other man is envious—in bed it is quite another story. If a woman wants to be attractive to a man, she should have a little flesh on her body and not just be skin and bones. All the men I ever met in my life, when they look at those models' pictures, exclaimed, "My God, how could I ever make love to that?"

As for the first part of the statement—although I have often wisecracked that the only place men want depth in a woman is in her décolletage, the truth is that a woman does have to have a brain in order to catch a husband. Now, all of this may sound very unliberated, but even the most liberated feminists still seem to want husbands. Anyway, the way to do it is to be smart—but in an unconventional way. A woman has to judge when it is dumb to be smart and when it is smart to play dumb with the particular man she plans to marry.

If I had to give a woman just two pieces of advice on how to persuade a man to marry her, I would first say

With husband No. 9, German prince Frederick von Anhalt: "I love being in love—but it is marriage that really fulfills me."

By Zsa Zsa Gabor and Wendy Leigh

Women's Dreams

this: Remember that what a man really wants is complete worship and adoration for himself and for everything he does. He knows he's perfect but he likes to hear it from you. Believe me.

The second thing is this: A man wants to marry a woman who can be his pal. George [Sanders, an ex-husband] used to say that he couldn't have a better companion on a trip than Zsa Zsa. And I think it is vital for a man to feel this—to feel that you are his companion, his pal, his friend, that you are always on his side, by his side, no matter how adventurous the adventure, no matter how tough the times—that you are with him and for him no matter what.

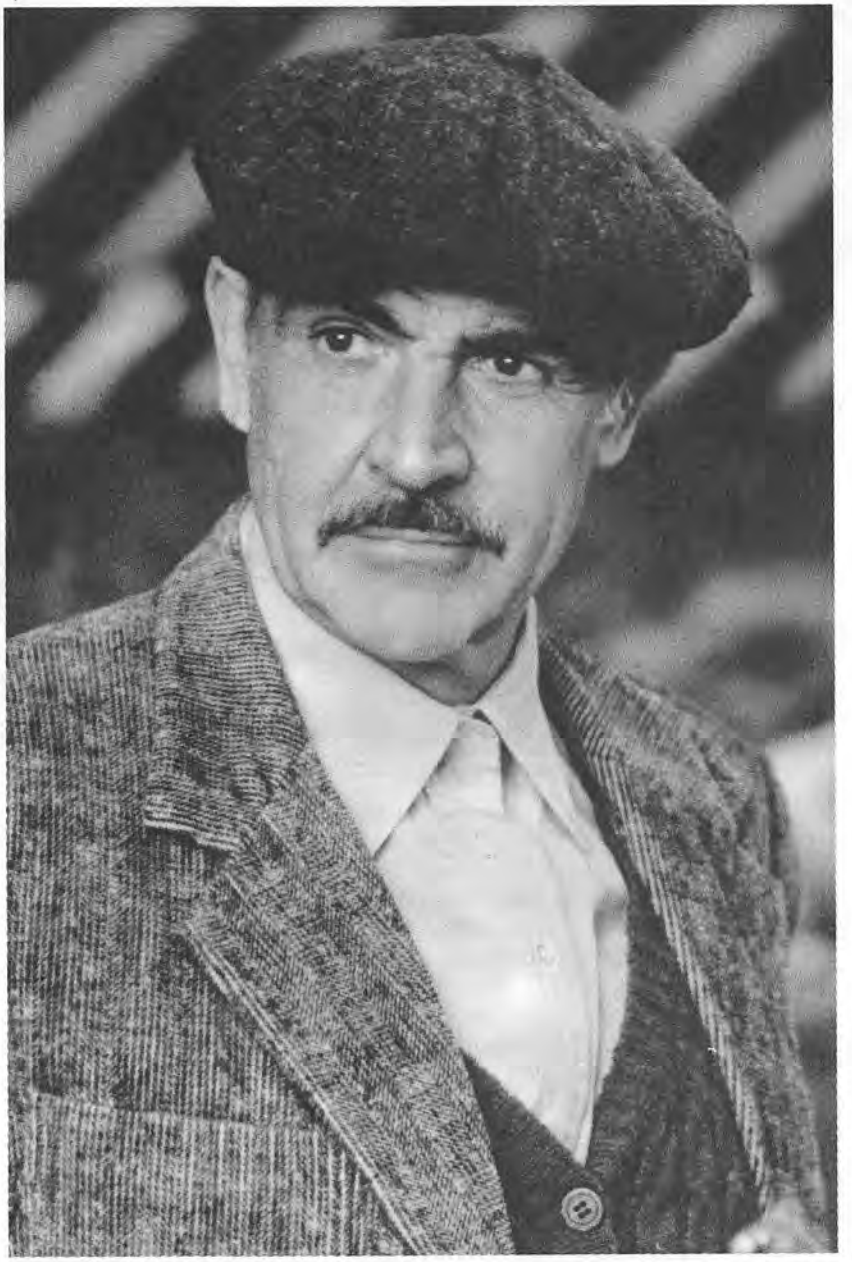
All in all—I love being married. I love the companionship, I love cooking for a man (simple things like chicken soup and my special Dracula's goulash from Hungary), and spending all my time with a man. Of course I love being in love—but it is marriage that really fulfills me.

[But Zsa Zsa spent portions of that time between marriages with men who were not married, at least not to her. They included:]

Elvis Presley

Yet again, I was single and still not sure if I'd ever find the man of my dreams. Along the way, though,

From the book, ONE LIFETIME IS NOT ENOUGH. *Copyright © 1991 by Zsa Zsa Gabor. Reprinted with permission of Delacorte Press, an imprint of Dell Publishing, a division of Bantam Doubleday Dell Publishing Group, Inc.*



Sean Connery: "Under his gruff macho exterior, Sean was a romantic, capable of jealousy as well as passion..."

CELEBRITIES

The men she loved and married...

Counter-clockwise, from above: hubby No. 4, Herbert Hutner; husband No. 2, George Sanders; husband No. 9, Prince Von Anhalt; husband No. 5, Joshua Cosden; companion Porfirio Rubirosa; and hubby No. 6 Jack Ryan.

I did meet plenty of men who are the men of other women's dreams. There was Elvis Presley. I was playing at the Flamingo in Las Vegas when I got a message that Elvis (who was also appearing there) wanted to meet me.

My assistant, Betsy (a beautiful, tall girl from Ohio who is wonderful and has been indispensable to me for many years), was with me and I scornfully said to her, "Elvis! That sleazy little singer! Who the hell wants to see him! Not me!" I had no idea that Betsy was a passionate Presley fan—but I soon found out when she begged me, "Please, Miss Gabor. Please accept. I must see Elvis."

So there I was, in Elvis's dressing room, backstage, waiting for him, feeling disinterested. I knew nothing about Elvis. Nor did I want to. Then the door of the dressing room was flung open—and there stood one of the most gorgeous, sexy men I have ever seen in my life. He wasn't a cowboy or a tough guy, but a cross between a gentleman and a big black sexy snake. We talked for a moment, then Elvis was called away.

Before he left, he drew me to one side, bent down from what seemed an enormous height, and whispered seductively, "When can I see you again?" I was madly attracted to Elvis, but at the time I was in love with someone else, so I was torn. To me, Elvis radiated sexuality. But, because I really was in love at the time, I said no. In this lifetime, at least, Elvis Presley and I were not meant to be.

The Beatles

I also met and made friends with the Beatles. We met when I was appearing at a charity event, "Night of a Thousand Stars," in London. My act ended with me introducing the Beatles. At the time, I had no idea who they were. But backstage, we made friends as I enjoyed their irreverent sense of humor. I invited them for cocktails at my hotel (the London

...and the men of other women's dreams

The Beatles (left) had an "irreverant sense of humor" and she liked the "quiet one," George Harrison (far right). Above: Gerry Ford with wife Betty, who blundered by pairing Zsa Zsa with Ann-Margret. Top right: Lord Mountbatten couldn't stop staring at a low-cut dress; Elvis (right), "a big black sexy snake" who "radiated sexuality."

Hilton, of course) and we had a lot of fun there together. I wasn't involved with any of them romantically, but I admired their verve and spirit. My favorite, for some reason, was George Harrison, the quiet one. Perhaps because we are so different.

Prince Philip
Act One

I've never been that riveted by royalty—only by intelligence and achievement. Throughout my life, I've never been intimidated or impressed by someone because they have a title. But, now and again, I sometimes look back and wonder what might have been. . . .

It all started in London, I was there to film the exteriors for *Moulin Rouge*, was married to George and really missed him. But I kept myself extremely busy—or rather John Huston did—with filming and coaching. My coach was the venerable Constance Collier—who also became my friend and invited me all over London. Soon, the British press began to follow us and my picture was plastered all over the papers, the accompanying stories saying that I was in London, working with Constance. Apart from being a great actress and a wonderful coach, Constance was also an extremely well-connected lady. In her living room, she had displayed a large photograph of Queen Mary holding the little Princess Elizabeth in her arms, inscribed with the words *Isn't my granddaughter beautiful?* And although Constance was never one to brag about her royal connections, that particular picture spoke volumes.

I continued going to Constance for lessons. Then one day, on a typically gloomy, damp London morning, I arrived to find her slightly agitated. Her voice shaking with excitement, Constance said, "Zsa Zsa, you won't believe it. Someone called from Buckingham Palace to say that Prince Philip would like to

meet you and wanted to arrange a meeting." Momentarily dazzled by the glamorous aura of British royalty, I enthusiastically replied, "I'd love to meet Prince Philip and Queen Elizabeth." Constance didn't answer. I waited. Slowly, almost as if she were overwhelmed, Constance patiently explained, "You don't understand, Zsa Zsa, the Prince wants to meet you. Alone."

For a moment, I felt close to fainting. To me, Prince Philip and Queen Elizabeth had always been the most fairy tale of all couples. The two most beautiful people in the world. I still didn't know what to say or what to think. Constance stood, waiting. I didn't know what to say. So I stalled, laughed, and tried to change the subject by doing the ultra-British thing of commenting on the weather.

But I knew I had to come to a decision. After all, I was married to George and I loved George. And Prince Philip was married to a woman whom I admired and respected. I knew there was no future, no sense in starting something that was destined to end in disaster and in pain. At last, I gave Constance an answer: "Tell Buckingham Palace that Miss Gabor is very honored by the Prince's request but that, at present, she is involved in filming."

According to Constance Collier, Prince Philip's representative called three more times, asking to see me. And each time, she gave the same answer. No.

Lord Mountbatten

During that stay in London, I also met Lord Mountbatten of Burma, a handsome and distinguished man, a war hero who, until his death, was Prince Charles's favorite uncle. I met Mountbatten at a big London premiere. I was wearing a low-cut dress and Dickie, as he was called, had terrific eyes for me and couldn't stop staring at me.

The next day, a message came requesting a meeting. I had been bowled over by Dickie and so we did meet. He kissed me and wanted to make love to me. I might well have succumbed, but for the telephone, which rang, heralding a call from John Huston demanding my presence on the set. So Lord Mountbatten and I never did consummate our relationship.

Meeting Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, posing here with their hosts Mr. and Mrs. Walter Annenberg, Zsa Zsa got to jabbering with the Prince. But the Queen intervened and made her feel "almost guilty."

Prince Philip
Act Two

As the years went by, I was glad that—so far as the British royal family was concerned—I had done nothing for which I could ever reproach myself. Prince Philip and I did finally meet, face-to-face, when I went to London for the World Wildlife Fund. I traveled with a party of Americans, including socialite Mercedes Kellogg—who later divorced her husband, Ambassador Kellogg, and married Sid Bass, one of the wealthiest men in America. I spent some time with Mercedes and—although she claims to be a high-born Iranian—found her pushy and lacking in social manners.

I had already raised $23,000 of jewelry for the fund and was happy to have been of help. The climax of our stay was a cocktail party held in London. Mercedes, Ambassador Kellogg, and I were all staying at Leeds Castle, quite far from London, and our car was late picking us up. As a result, we arrived just as Prince Philip was leaving the party. I said "Hello, Prince Philip," and he just ignored me. I was livid and said to the Duchess of Argyll, "How dare he be so rude when I gave so much money for his World Wildlife Fund!" Afterward, though, when I had cooled down, I couldn't help remembering London all those years ago and the calls received by Constance Collier.

Prince Philip
Act Three

Prince Philip and I saw each other again in Windsor, where he was playing polo in front of the Queen and the Queen Mother. I enjoyed his polo but was amused to observe that whenever he didn't manage to hit the ball, Prince Philip uttered an extremely unprincely "____ it!" Whereupon Queen Elizabeth looked highly shocked but the Queen Mother appeared to love it.

I didn't meet the Queen herself that time in Windsor. But when the Queen and Prince Philip came to California on a three-day visit [in 1983], through my friendship with Nancy and Ronald Reagan, I participated in various events during the visit. On

the first day, Nancy Reagan gave a big party for the Queen and Prince Philip at the 20th Century Fox studios and phoned me, her voice full of panic, saying "Zsa Zsa, for God's sake, you've got to help me." So, although I had a terrible cold, I dressed myself in a black Jean Louis dress and dragged myself to the party.

Finally, I was introduced to the Queen. She was dressed in a white organza dress embroidered with oranges (in honor of California) and I thought she was really lovely; she has the most beautiful skin in the world and the most beautiful blue eyes. I said respectfully that I was very glad to meet her. Then (not being a royalist and unable to curb my innate Hungarian desire for justice), chidingly reminded Prince Philip of our last meeting, telling him, "You really offended me in London, you just shoved me aside." The Prince smiled disarmingly and said, "But Zsa Zsa, I didn't realize it was you."

The ice between us was broken, he was sweet and friendly and we started chatting animatedly about animals. Suddenly, in an impatient voice, the Queen interrupted with "What are you two jabbering about?" Remembering London and Philip's calls, I ended the conversation, feeling almost guilty.

Gerry Ford

I wasn't just loyal to the Nixon administration. I was also a friend and supporter of President Ford's administration as well. On one occasion (when I was not married) I was invited by President and Mrs. Ford for a formal White House dinner. I was seated at the same table as Princess Diane Von Fürstenberg—the fashion designer.

White House protocol dictates that none of the guests begin to eat until the President himself has started eating. On this particular evening, President Ford did not pounce on his food the instant it was served but continued a conversation he had been in the midst of having when the food was served. With an impatience that I considered to be less than admirable, Diane Von Fürstenberg pouted, "Tell the President to start

"Zsa Zsa, I didn't realize it was you"

Zsa Zsa: She would never forget meeting Sean for the first time.

eating because I'm hungry."

During dinner, I sat on the left of the President and the wife of the President of Ireland sat on his right. When Baked Alaska was served for dessert, the President turned to me and said, "Zsa Zsa, move a little away from me because if I drop the dessert into your lap the whole world will hear about it!"

After dinner, I danced with the President and he whispered to me, "If I weren't married the two women I'd want to go to bed with are you and Ann-Margret." I don't know if President Ford had just invented that sentiment to flatter me (although by including Ann-Margret, he didn't really display a dazzling grasp of diplomacy). But I do know that after our umpteenth dance together, Betty Ford (whom I like and admire) intervened, by chidingly saying, "I want to remind you, Mr. President, that there are other guests in the White House, not only Zsa Zsa." The President took the hint and that was the end of our dance. The next day, the *New York Post* splashed a picture of me and the President on the front page with the caption, "Zsa Zsa Gabor and guess who!"

Sean Connery

Sean and I met in a London studio and after the meeting, Sean began calling me five times a day but we never arranged anything. A few months later, back in Hollywood, I got another call from Sean, telling me that he was in town and desperately wanted to see me. I was due at the designer Rubin Parnis any minute, so I told Sean to be there as well.

I'll never forget the moment when Sean Connery, dressed in jogging clothes, his soft brown eyes alight with anticipation, strode into Parnis's shop on Melrose Avenue and all the salesgirls nearly fainted. I couldn't wait to leave with him. I found him sizzlingly handsome, intelligent, and wonderful, rippling with masculinity and virility. He also—I soon discovered—had an amazingly beautiful body, one of the most beautiful bodies I had ever seen. Sean's skin feels as soft as velvet, as sensuous as silk.

Sean was extremely adroit at giving me the impression that I was the only woman in the world he ever wanted to make love to. I knew he probably worked the same magic on hundreds of other women before and after me, but at the time the effect was potent.

Sean and I didn't just make love—we began to see each other socially as well. At one party, while Sean and I danced together, all the women in the room were after him, but Sean was patently uncomfortable, confiding in me later that he hates parties.

I sensed that under his gruff macho exterior, Sean was a romantic, capable of jealousy as well as of passion. Sean went back to London and our affair ended. His is now married to a wonderful and brilliant woman named Micheline and is very happy with her.

My romance with Sean was long ago, but in many ways, I wish I had met Sean Connery when I was seventeen. If I had, I believe we would still be married, with ten children—because Sean is the perfect man for me. ■

A Daughter Finds

John Wayne's erratic ways unnerved his kids. Then, for one, came a perfect summer's night

One night I will never forget, my father nearly shot a boy I knew. Around ten P.M., I drove home from Pat Kelly's, my first real boyfriend, with Pat's roommate, Rick. My father collected 16-millimeter versions of his old movies, and we wanted to watch one on Rick's and Pat's projector. Thinking it was late and my father was sound asleep, I took Rick straight through our garage to the room behind our bookcase, where my father stored his reels. My dad must have heard us and feared that he had intruders. For what he called "security reasons," he always kept several guns stashed around our house. Reaching inside his nightstand for his revolver, my father stole back to the bookcase.

"Aissa?" he yelled.

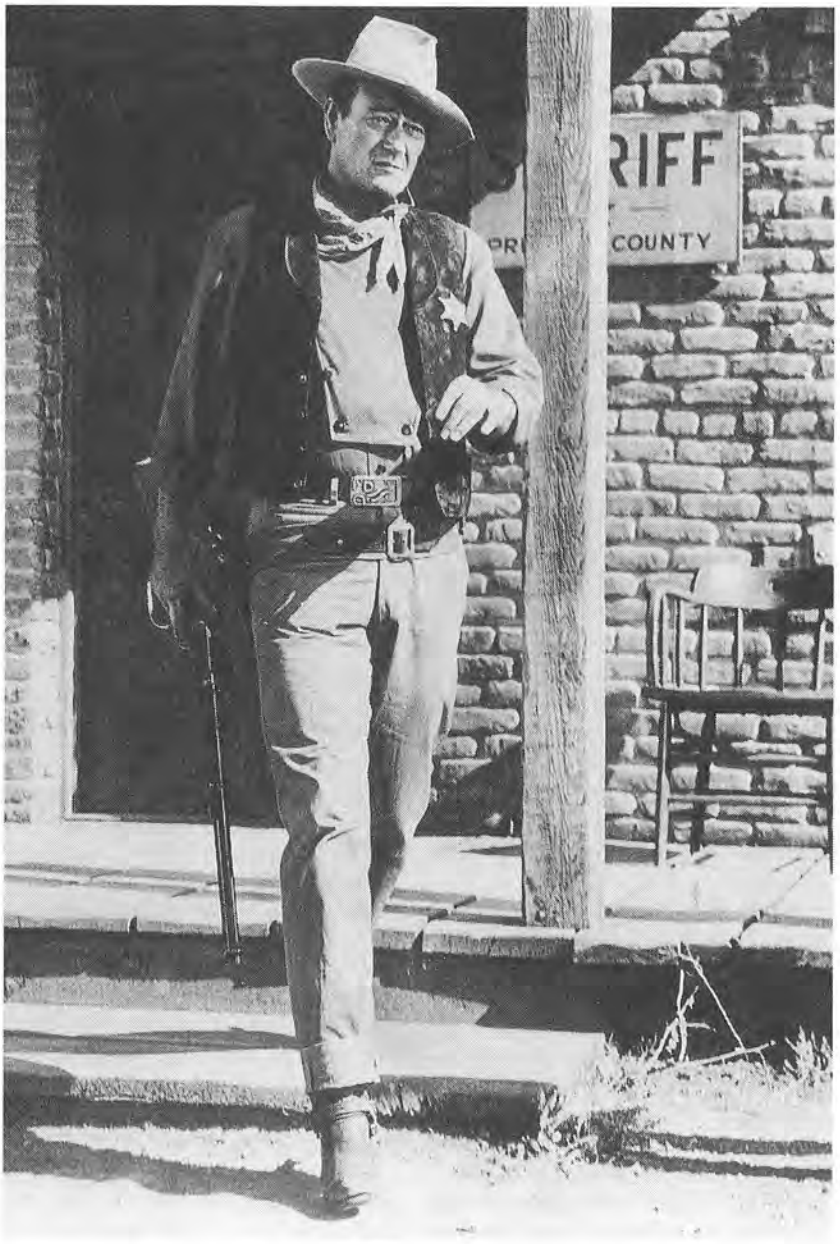
Not knowing my father was holding a gun, I didn't reply. He had this rule about people taking his movies without his permission.

"Aissa," he yelled again.

My father also had a monumental pet peeve: he went berserk when his children did not respond the instant he called out their name.

"Answer him!" Rick whispered. "Answer him!"

Too late. Pushing through the door,



From the book JOHN WAYNE, MY FATHER, *by Aissa Wayne with Steve Delsohn. Copyright © 1991 by Aissa Wayne and Steve Delsohn. Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc.*

By Aissa Wayne with Steve Delsohn

Her Father's Love

my father stuck his cocked gun in Rick's face.

"Look at this!" he screamed at Rick. "Do you see this gun? I almost blew your goddamn head off!" Rick shook and shivered and couldn't speak.

Trembling with outrage, my father started on me. "Don't you *ever* come into this house without coming straight to my room and telling me you're here!"

"But I thought you were asleep!"

"I don't give a damn! I almost shot his head off!"

After that ghastly night I practically shouted whenever I walked in the door. Rick never came back to the Wayne's.

I fell for Patrick Kelly at my senior prom. Tall and solidly built, at twenty years old Patrick was an official "older guy." He was also another girl's date that night. I'd come to prom with Johnny, a friend living at Bayshores, but Johnny had one critical failing: he wasn't Patrick Kelly. It was tradition after Newport Harbor's Senior Prom to stay out all night and bounce from party to party. Through some monumental miscommunication, I believed my father said I could sleep that night at a girlfriend's.

Patrick Kelly was having a party and said I could bring along Johnny, and Johnny at first was happy to go. But the more time I spent around

The on-screen image (far left) of John Wayne—"men with big voices, big bodies, big gestures..."—so awed her, says Aissa, that "I was drawn to boys and men in his image" (and) "at first I was deeply ashamed." Left, Wayne and Aissa when she was four.

Patrick, Johnny kept suggesting we check out some other parties. I finally told Johnny to take my car and pick me up later.

That was my first mistake. Rather than buy me a car that March when I turned sixteen—customary parental behavior in Newport Beach—my father had waited nine months, until Christmas 1972. That December morning he gave me two modest presents. I tried seeming grateful but actually felt slighted, since this was so unlike him. Around five that afternoon he handed me a cigar box containing a pair of keys. With no emotion, he told me to follow him out to our garage. Parked there was a glistening new yellow Porsche 914!

My Porsche still smelled new the night I gave it to Johnny to take to the other party. By the time the sun rose on Patrick's rented beach house, our group had drained many beers, blasted the Rolling Stones, and already returned from a bleary-eyed five A.M. breakfast. I was hungover and exhausted, but oh, was I happy. Patrick and I hadn't kissed, but I told him I'd liked him for months, and Patrick said he liked me too, he just hadn't known how to say so.

Patrick had a message on his machine, left there by Johnny while we'd been out eating breakfast. Johnny said he wrecked my Porsche. It wasn't driveable, so he left it there on the side of the road. I was terrified, *terrified* at the fit I knew my father would throw.

"I have to get home," I said to Patrick. "My father is going to kill me."

The sun that June morning was already hot. When Patrick climbed hastily into his car without his shirt on, I gave it no thought, my mind locked on the rampage I knew I was heading into. As we turned into my complex the full implication came over me: I am not in my own car, I'm not with my original date, and the boy I'm with has no shirt on.

"That can't be my father!" I said.

It could. It was. As I later found out, my father stayed up all night in his silk pajamas, knocking on doors of gossipy neighbors and angrily pacing our driveway, because *he* thought I'd be home by two A.M.

Now he was still in his pajamas, and nearly out to the street. Restraining his self and his temper, my father spoke in a tightly clipped voice. "We've been looking for you all night. Get in the house."

Knowing better than even to glance at Patrick Kelly, I said "bye" over my shoulder and hurried past my dad with eyes trained straight ahead. I waited, and waited, and waited, but my father never came into my room. For the next twenty-four hours he was cold and distant, barely speaking my name. When he finally came to my bedroom I told my father the story without any lies.

"If I gave you what you deserved," my father said, "I'd have to ground you forever. So let's just forget it." Except for growling once about the repair bill, my father never mentioned it again.

That story shows my dad in all his formidable unpredictability. Like the time I was caught smoking pot, I was sure I'd be crucified for the Porsche, and each time my father took no punitive action. Each instance, the relief I felt was only surpassed by my shock and confusion. Today, I'm sure my father suppressed his rage for fear of driving his teenager daughter further away. Today, I can see that it

"No wonder we were all such nervous kids...erratic fathers are scary"

all made textbook Wayne family sense. When the Wayne children did nothing wrong, that's often when we were yelled at, and when we deserved real reproof we got off the hook. No wonder we were all such nervous kids. For children, erratic fathers are scary.

How funny people can be. Because for all of my father's flaws, for many years I was drawn to boys and men in his image. Boys and men with big voices, big bodies, big gestures, boys and men who wanted to make all my choices and regulate my life. That's how I related to males, because that's the way I related to my dad. When I realized this unflattering truth about myself, at first I was deeply ashamed. Since I thought no other father on earth could influence another woman the way my father did me, I believed that I was uniquely, emotionally, defective. I eventually learned that many, many other women have similar feelings about their fathers. Even today, I am still not entirely free of my father's control. But I know I'm not alone.

It was a tangled evolution, coming in fits and starts. But my father was learning to let go.

The first breakthrough came when I graduated high school.My father made no strident fuss when I said I wanted to work for a year before enrolling at USC. That March I turned eighteen and he allowed me to spend my birthday at home, in Newport, with friends, even though he was off on location. "You're no longer a baby," said the note my father sent from Seattle with a pungent bouquet of flowers. "You've flown the coop. Love, Dad."

I decided to test his words that summer. He asked me to fly to London, where he was filming *Brannigan*, and I said I would love to, but first could I see parts of Europe, with Patrick Kelly, Debbie [a girl friend], and her boyfriend? The first surprise came when my father said yes; the next when the four of us joined him in London, and he didn't say an embarrassing word about our sleeping arrangements the past two weeks. In London he did put up the boys in separate hotels, but then he picked up their tab, which the guys had planned on paying. It meant a great deal to me, unsure as I was about his feelings toward Patrick Kelly. An older boy, with long hair, Patrick never went out of his way to endear himself to my dad, remaining courteous but cool. But throughout our stay my father was warm and relaxed and gracious. Just who was doing the growing up here?

My freshman year at USC I shared off-campus housing with Debbie, but neither one of us was equipped to live on our own. Our small apartment was littered with filthy dishes and soiled clothes. Rather than simply cleaning up, Debbie and I took out our bad moods on each other. In the first significant

Opposite page: As Barbra Streisand looks on, Wayne breaks down after receiving an Oscar for the 1970 film,* True Grit, *in which he played Rooster Cogburn (left). Above: Wayne and Aissa's mother, Pilar. Right: Aissa (right) and another daughter greet Wayne at an airport in 1968.

crisis of our friendship, I responded typically: instead of discussing it, addressing the real problem—our parents had spoiled us rotten when we were kids—I ate every night to dull my depression.

One weekend at Bayshores, my father noted my weight gain. He called me "fat" in front of his card-playing cronies, but he didn't stop there. "You're so fat!" he went on, with what sounded to me like glee. "Aissa, you've gotta do something about it! Look how fat you are! How could you do that to yourself?"

Was this his idea of motivation?

They hadn't been drinking; he couldn't blame that.

Was he waiting for me to cry?

I rushed from the room silently cursing him. Hating him. I hated him for the rest of that day, refusing to answer my phone despite knowing who it was. What could his words do? They couldn't change the humiliation I felt. They couldn't change the past.

When I finally picked up the phone, I went right to it.

"Dad. You cannot talk to me like that. You made a fool out of me in front of all your friends. How could you do that to me?"

He was apologetic, giving me all that ancient crap about how much he loved me, how much I mattered. Please, could I just forgive him?

Forgive him? To break the chain, to get him to see past himself and look at who you were, you *couldn't* forgive him. Why had it taken me so long to understand that?

"Dad!" I cut him off, surprising myself. "Don't ever talk like that to me. I'm serious."

"I won't," my father said, after a long pregnant pause. "I swear it, Aissa, I won't."

It was a start.

My second year at USC I was put on an allowance of $200 a month. Though barely getting by, I was reluctant to ask for more. For two reasons: I was striving for my independence, and by then, asking my dad for extra cash was to court a three minute discourse on frugality. One night that semester, I walked into his house and he handed me an already-opened envelope. My father said, "Here, it's a three-hundred-dollar dentist bill. Pay it. You're making your choices now. Start paying your own bills."

Wayne as a football player at USC. "I made a choice as my father had fifty years before," says Aissa, to drop out of school and go to work.

The seven sons and daughters of John Wayne. Standing, left to right: Ethan, Patrick and Michael. Seated: Marisa, Aissa, Melinda and Toni. "If you love me," Wayne would tell his children, "then I'm not the last to know. If you love me you'll tell me things first."

Too childlike to understand he was trying to teach me responsibility, I actually felt unloved. "I can't believe it," I whined to Debbie. "I'm still in school and my father is making me pay my own bills."

That summer I tagged along with my mom when she began real estate school. I quickly discovered I not only understood them, I was fascinated by how these transactions worked. As home values went rocketing, knowing that agents across Orange County were getting rich didn't hurt either. Seeking financial freedom, I made a choice, as my father had fifty years before, to drop out of college and enter the work force. The dilemma was, how do I break it to him?

I didn't, not yet. I waited instead until I finished the real estate course and passed the exam and knew I'd be granted my license. I didn't inform my dad of my fait accompli until just two weeks before USC fall classes.

He was offended: I'd taken the course on the sly. "If you love me," he'd always say, "then I'm not the last to know. If you love me you'll tell me things first."

He was displeased: his daughter would not earn her college degree.

But then he quieted down and looked me dead in the eye and saw something new there—determination. He spoke the basic words I waited a long time to hear.

"You started something," he said, "and you saw it through. Now you have something that's yours. I wish you all the success in the world. I've never been prouder of you."

After *that*, I stopped by his house every day, to tell him about new listings, new escrows, a newly learned trick of the trade. "Aissa," he said one early morning, "say hello, how are you."

"What?"

"Say hello, how are you."

"Hello, how are you?" I said in a girlish voice.

"No, no, no," he corrected. "If you're going to sell real estate, you can't talk like that anymore, that voice. You have to say, 'Hello! How are you?' You have to be a businesswoman now."

We went back and forth—"Hello! How are you?"—but it didn't strike me until I was alone that night. With my friends and my clients, I did speak assertively. Only my father could still make me feel ten years old.

Aissa Wayne today: "My father, the expert on everything, would often drive over and tell me where to position my sofa, the value of planting perennials—except now his lectures were cherished."

That I was twenty and selling real estate did not make me unique in 1970s Newport Beach. That my father was John Wayne did. No longer embarrassed about my last name, and now having my own mortgage to pay, I put my name to good use, earning enough that first year to purchase a one-bedroom home in nearby Costa Mesa. My father, the expert on everything, would often drive over and tell me where to position my sofa, the value of planting perennials—except now his lectures were cherished. I felt so proud that he liked my new little house.

One night that summer we barbecued outside, just he and I in the backyard. It was a warm and gently breezy Pacific night, and as we chatted and ate and admired the copper sky, he shifted his gaze from the afterglow to me.

"I know that you really love me," he said. "I know you've always loved me, Aissa."

All my words went away. I couldn't speak, but knew I didn't have to. What I felt was filling my eyes.

After that perfect night, in that special summer, when my father stopped demanding my love, most of my fear of him dissolved. For the last five years of his life, when I told my father "I love you," I did not mean, "See, Dad, I'm bucking you up again." When he said he loved me, he did not seem to mean, "Now you must tell me back, and tell me again and again, because today I am feeling weak." I still lament that it took so long, that we both played so fast and loose with our time together in life, and yet when my father died, our relationship was closer, stronger, less panicked than I'd ever dreamt it could be. I think he approved of me when he left, and saw without my words how much his love meant. I'll always have certain regrets, but our resolution has left me feeling blessed. ■

MEDIA

Dirty Tricks in

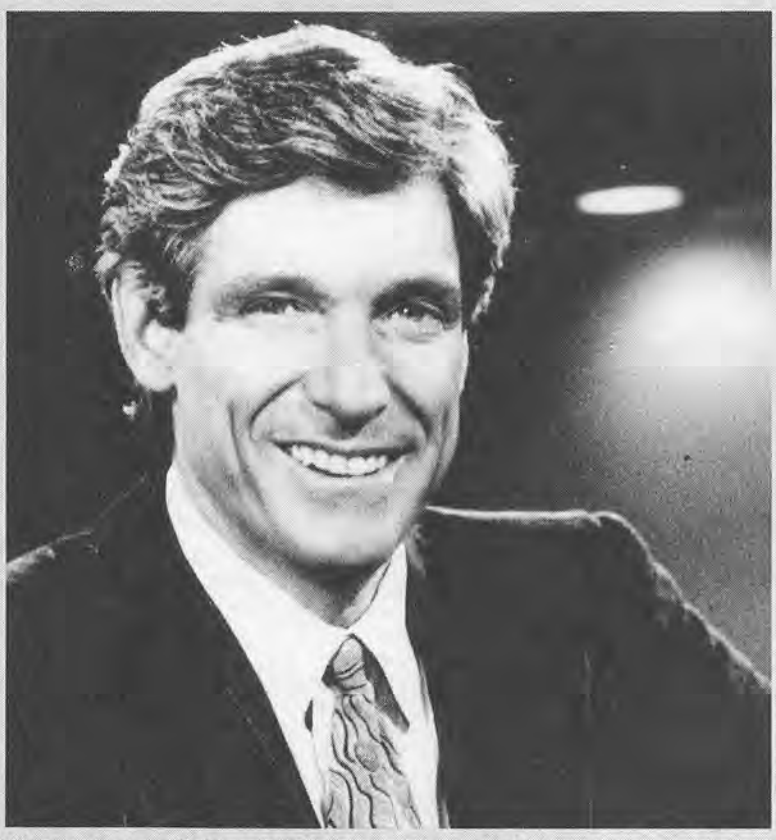
Tabloid TV shows leaped into the nation's living rooms in the late 1980s, the first being *A Current Affair* with Maury Povich. The show was financed by millionaire Australian mogul Rupert Murdoch and staffed by sensation-seeking Australian reporters. Another TV producer, Roger King, decided to create a rival show, *Inside Edition*, and he hired a number of *A Current Affair*'s best reporters. "King made it a war," Povich remembers. In a new book he reveals that what's fair in tabloid TV—when scandal-seeking reporters go hunting for an exclusive story—also becomes fair when tabloid TV shows go hunting for each other.

By Maury Povich

We knew that we were going to have big problems because they had people over there [at *Inside Edition*] who knew how it worked, understood what we were about. Then it was announced that David Frost was going to be the host, because King knew that he needed a signature on that show, someone that the public would recognize and take into their homes.

It was a bigger name than mine, much bigger, but [our managing editor Peter] Brennan and I talked it over and decided that they were making an important and basic mistake —namely, bringing in a foreign accent. From the first, Brennan and his people understood that you could not sell a foreign accent to an American audience. That was why they had brought me on the show in the first place. The Australians couldn't do it.

We sat at a table across the street, piling up empty beer bottles, talking



Maury Povich: "I thought that David Frost could have been a tad more graceful in his opening remarks. They were not going to do stories about three-headed babies...I personally thought he meant us."

Tabloid TV

ourselves into believing that Roger King, the greatest syndicator in all of television, didn't know what the hell he was doing. It took quite a few beers.

"Well, mate," said Brennan, "David Frost is a well-known name, but he is not going to be able to put over a show like that."

"No, never," I replied, holding up my hand for a refill because I didn't want to lose this liquid courage.

What scared us more than David Frost was the fact that they were going into a very powerful New York outlet, Channel 4, the NBC flagship station, dead against us. I thought: Good God! Even if they were just a little bit successful, they were going to steal some of our ratings points. They would do that even if they were a failure. We were going to lose something no matter how *Inside Edition* turned out.

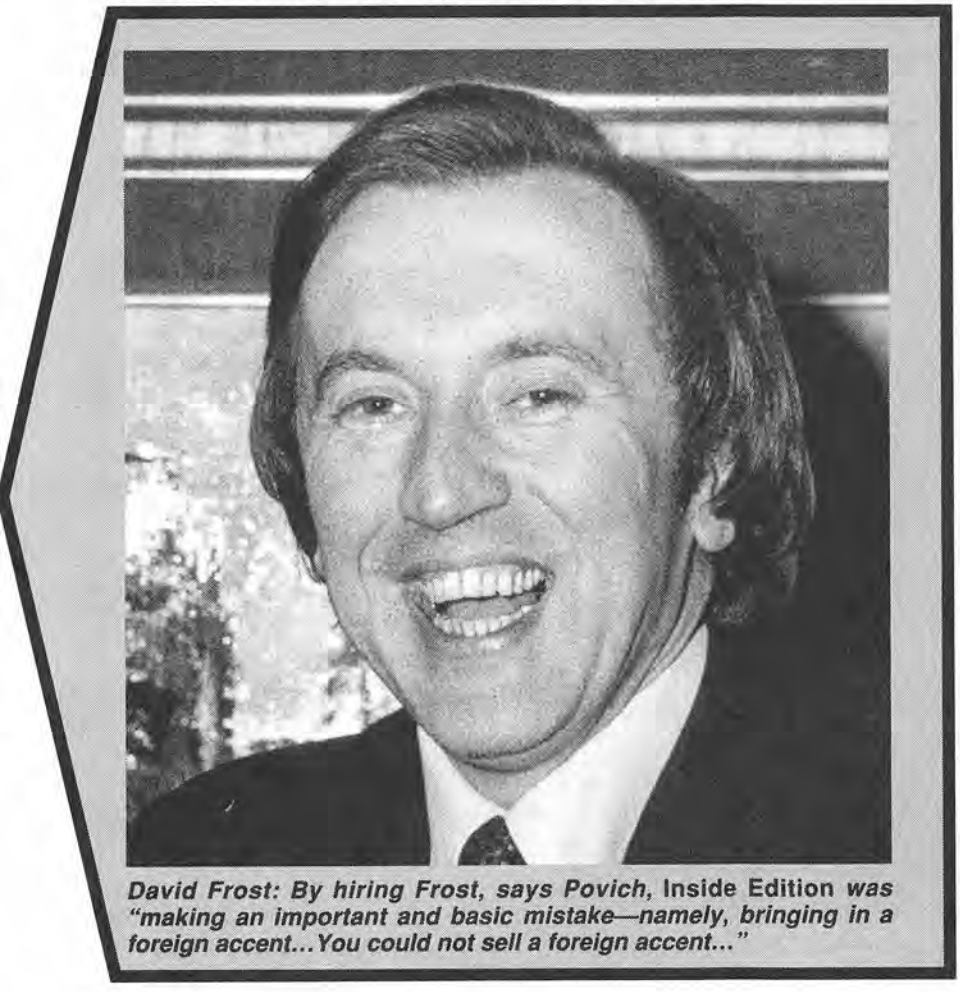
The crusher was when we learned that Roger King had budgeted $4 million just for promotion for the first eight weeks of the show. That set off a mild panic. Suddenly he had every spare moment of radio time in his pocket. We couldn't counter-attack. There was no radio time available. They were running back-to-back promos. They had a few of our guys, they had the deepest pockets in television; they didn't even need a good show.

The Australians did what they always did when they got into trouble: they threw a party. They rented out the second floor of "21" and toasted our success and hired an unknown piano player named Harry Connick Jr., who would later go on to considerable fame himself. Meanwhile, though, Rupert Murdoch began to hold meetings. The building held its breath as he came scowling through the halls and closed the door with Ian Rae and Peter Brennan. He brought in Gerald Stone to work as an executive producer. Rupert was impressed because Stone had been an executive producer of the Australian version of *60 Minutes*. Stone was a very classy guy who had been born in America but had absorbed an Australian tactical killer instinct.

When Brennan came out of the meeting with Rupert, after we'd first gotten wind of *Inside Edition*, we went across the street and I asked him, "So what happened?"

He needed a few beers to get lubricated.

"The most amazing meeting, mate. Rupert wants to know what it's going to take to combat this big, new, competition. And all the Fox promotion people are there with their yellow legal pads and they've



David Frost: By hiring Frost, says Povich,* Inside Edition *was "making an important and basic mistake—namely, bringing in a foreign accent...You could not sell a foreign accent..."

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"We acted like soldiers sworn to secrecy about the invasion plans for D-Day"

Rupert Murdoch: "Do whatever it takes," Murdoch told* A Current Affair's *staff. "It was a battle," says Povich of the Australian mogul, "and he couldn't resist a good fight."

got it figured out on paper. It's gonna cost two million dollars. Minimum. 'Fine,' says Rupert. 'Do it.' The Fox guys all get shifty and nervous and say, 'Well, we have a problem.'

"'What's the problem?' asks Rupert."

"'The problem is that we don't have a way to dispense the money. There's no promotion department for *A Current Affair*.' We have no way to spend the two million dollars that Rupert is ready to take out of his pocket."

In any other company that decision would take months. Rupert said, "Do it, whatever it takes," because now it was a battle and he couldn't resist a good fight. This guy King had come in, thrown a lot of money around and bought his people, and somewhere down deep, Rupert knew that King had underestimated him. That's how Australians are, in the end: they take it all personally.

The people at Fox went out and did it. They found ways to spend Rupert's $2 million.

Povich does an interview concerning the survivors of a cafeteria massacre in Killen, Texas. "Such stories," he says, "kept up our popularity."

We had to hire a promotion department: five people. Before, we had promoted our own show on the air, and nationwide, Fox had spent a total of half a million dollars, which we had parceled out like pennies. With Rupert in a fight, however, we bought lots of radio time, and we gave away beer mugs and underwear and T-shirts and sweat pants.

Then Roger King made a few more crucial mistakes. The biggest was "attitude." He wanted to keep his skirts clean. Roger-the-truck-driver wanted to put a show on the air that would bring honor and credit to his name. This is a man who—when you come to his summer birthday party at his place on the New Jersey Shore, with all the media moguls there from every network, every studio, every television station group, where there are clowns and tables bending under the weight of gourmet food, and fireworks by the Grucci brothers that dwarf the Fourth of July show in New York City harbor—the first words out of his mouth are, "You're looking at a man who makes nine million dollars a week."

"With or without overtime?" I

Roger King (with Oprah Winfrey): "You are looking at a man who makes nine million dollars a week," King told Povich at a party in his home. "Without overtime?" Povich asked.

asked, and he looked perplexed.

To this day, Roger is the best salesman alive. He travels all over, selling pieces and chunks of shows and reruns, always selling himself. But, like a lot of people who acquire a great fortune, he began to think about his image. He wanted a polished version of *A Current Affair* under his name.

We went out and hired bodies. We had been decimated and now we were given a license to recruit and we got fat. More stations signed on. "Reality programming" was getting big and we were the daddy of reality programming.

The launch date for *Inside Edition* was January of 1989, and we went shopping around the satellites, trying to find out what stories they were going to do. That's how shows worked—they fiddled around with frequencies and latched onto the communications channels and listened in on the shop talk. It was spying. We all did it, switching around the dials, trying to pick up their satellite, pointing the transponders to find their bird so we could listen to their teleconferences and their stations, trying to winkle out their promotion campaign to find out what stories they were after.

They were also doing the same thing to us, because they knew how we worked and it was part of the game. I knew *Inside Edition* was into our computer because that's the way it is. Maybe it's illegal, but that's the *Front Page* mentality. So we changed codes and shifted tactics and locked them out of our computer. We did something else, too. We acted like soldiers sworn to secrecy about the invasion plans for D-Day. No one broke the silence.

Just before the New Year's launch, they made one more critical error. They let us find out their story. It sounded familiar.

Earlier that summer we'd done a story about a black prisoner in Florida named James Richardson who had been wrongfully accused of murdering his seven children twenty years before, in the late sixties. Mark Lane, the Kennedy-conspiracy lawyer and activist, had been shopping this story around and we'd been on it. There was no evidence against Richardson and he'd been in jail for a long time. The story ran, there was a lot of reaction, and the the man finally got out of prison.

The week before the Monday launch date, we discovered that *Inside Edition* planned to do the Richardson story as their main lead. Somebody said to Brennan, "Hey, you know they're doing the James Richardson story."

And he said, in that Cheshire way of his, "Oh, really? Terrific!" And then he sent our reporter, Bob Martin, who'd done the first story and had a history with the man, back to Florida. Martin secretly wrapped up another story with James Richardson. We swore Richardson and Mark Lane to secrecy and the whole thing was kept in-house. And on that Friday before the launch date, we ran the Richardson story again, with fresh updates and interviews.

Inside Edition was committed. They had spent all that money promoting their show and they couldn't change gears. They couldn't rip open the show over the weekend, and the day after their launch our publicists were calling around and saying, "Oh, well, you know that we did that story Friday." When the reviews came in on *Inside Edition*, despite what you thought of Frost or the show, the reviewers all pointed out that the lead story was one that had been done earlier on *A Current Affair*.

As it was, when *Inside Edition* opened in January of 1989, I thought that David Frost could have been a tad more graceful in his opening remarks. He said that they were going to be clean and pure and true blue. They were not going to do stories about three-headed babies (although I'd like to see anyone pass up that story), or use cheap gimmicks or sensationalize the news, like-some-other-shows-he-could-name.

I personally thought that he meant us.

Unlike those other nameless tacky shows, *Inside Edition* was going to be amazingly faithful to the pristine tenets of the best journalistic standards. They would, he swore, adhere to the codes inscribed in stone outside of the great temples of the

journalistic art. In other words they were going to try to be very self-righteous. And incredibly dull.

Which is exactly what happened. They went on, not enough people watched, and soon they were running after our stories.

We did not abandon our old standards. There was a nice Michigan story in which we really showed our stuff. A married woman in Flint had been having an affair behind her husband's back. Eventually, she broke it off and went back to her husband. Her lover, however, was unwilling to let it go at that. He had made some rather explicit home videos of their torrid sessions together, unbeknownst to her, and was not shy about showing them around. He began hounding the poor woman with copies of the videos, trying to force her to rekindle the ashes of their affair. He sent copies to her home, to her husband, to her neighbors, to the local PTA.

Naturally, we heard about such goings-on, and David Lee Miller was soon on a plane with strict orders from Brennan not to come back without a story and the tapes. Miller made it to Flint, got copies of the tapes in some devious manner, and now had to mislead the crew from *Inside Edition*. Disguising his voice, he called their hotel and told the reporter that he had a copy of the tape and that he was willing to turn it over, provided that it would be used in a fair and nonscandalous manner.

The reporter agreed. It would be handled with taste and discretion.

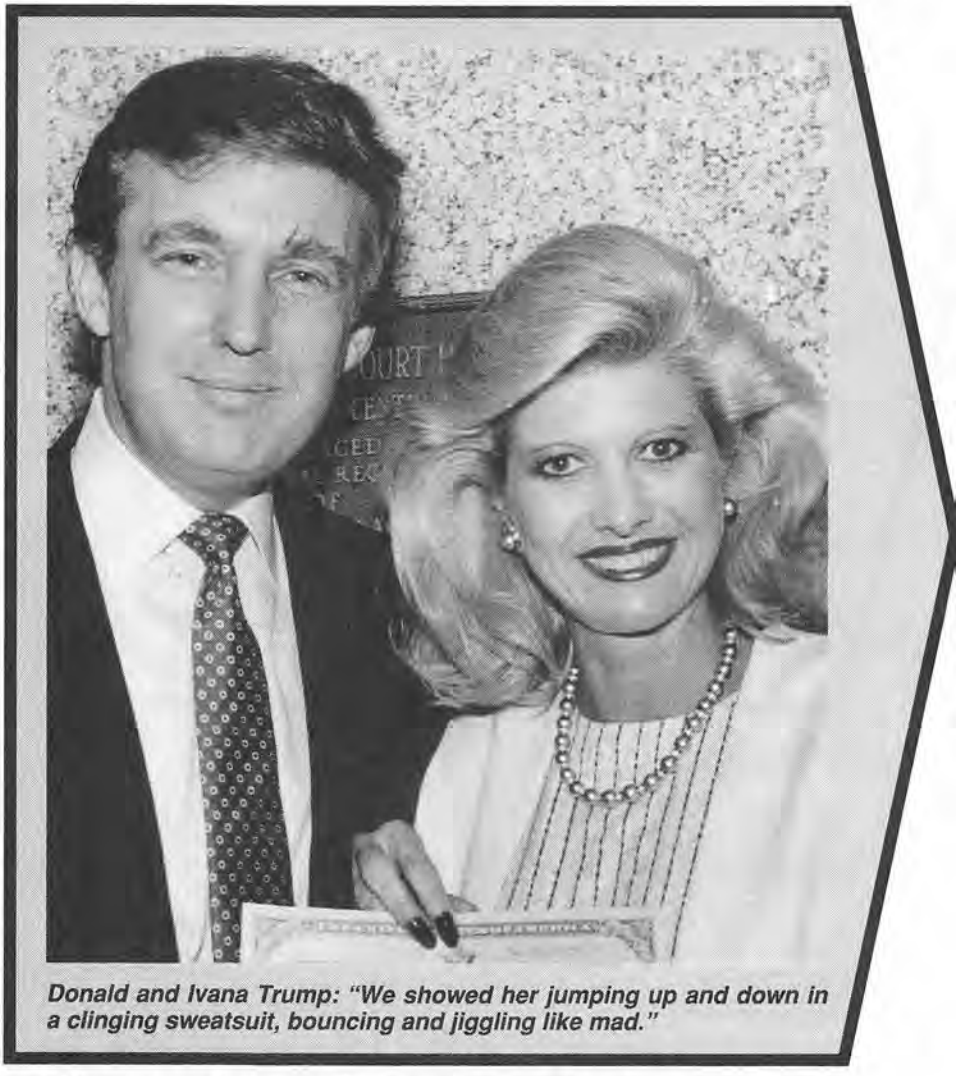
Miller had one more stipulation. Flint was a small town and he could get in trouble if it came out that he was the source of the woman's exposure. The reporter understood. Miller said he wanted to meet on Saginaw Island. Miller had a map in front of him. It showed the remote island in Lake Huron in detail. Miller had taken the trouble to call the island beforehand, and so he knew a few facts about where the post office was located, where the stop signs were, and where to find an open hotel.

He told the *Inside Edition* reporter to get a pencil and a pad, and he gave him very explicit instructions. You get off the ferry and drive to the second stop sign and make a left at the Texaco station. . . . It sounded very authentic. Only a native would know such details, thought the *Edition* reporter. Then Miller gave the reporter the most pertinent part of the instructions: "Wait there for my call."

The *Inside Edition* reporter followed the instructions to the letter. He checked into the hotel and waited for the call while we put the piece on the air. Every once in a while Miller would call the hotel and say that there'd been a hitch, and it was too late by the time they caught on.

Meanwhile we continued to do our old brand of stories, too, especially those that punctured pomposity. Who could resist when the target was so big? When Donald Trump and his wife, Ivana, had their much-publicized marital tiff, it invigorated everyone, the sudden and jagged decline of the man everyone referred to as "The Donald." The Donald, you'll remember, was having a none-too-discreet affair with a model named Marla Maples, and at a ski resort in Aspen, Ivana told the other blonde in public to keep her mitts off her husband. This eventually led to a separation and a war of dueling press agents as to who was the more culpable, complete with hot stories about prenuptial and postnuptial

Trump: "Maury, you're way off base...I'm in great shape"



Donald and Ivana Trump: "We showed her jumping up and down in a clinging sweatsuit, bouncing and jiggling like mad."

Povich: "Donald should worry about bondholders, not my wife!"

Connie Chung and Maury Povich: "...she did a lousy job with Marlon Brando," Trump told Maury, "and she was trying to recoup her image."

agreements providing Ivana with $25 million, which she claimed was not enough to support her and her three children. (It took a while and a recession for us to catch on that Donald, like a lot of straying husbands, couldn't afford to play around.)

Through some devious means or another we obtained an exercise tape that Marla had made, which showed her jumping up and down in a clinging sweatsuit, bouncing and jiggling like mad. Every time we mentioned Trump, and we made certain to mention him a lot during that period, we showed the exercise tape. When the story moved on from a billionaire's love triangle to the crumbling of his financial empire, we showed the tape again, the bounce and jiggle now appearing emblematic of his downfall. It was like our version of a Passion Play.

We inferred early on that Trump might be having some financial problems, too. The next day I was getting a haircut and the phone rang at the barbershop. It was Trump. Calling me at the barbershop!

"Maury, you're way off-base. My businesses are in great shape. The casino revenues are up in all my places. I'm sending over my latest reports. You'll see. I'm in great shape."

And then he threw in the strangest farewell: "We'll get together soon. Oh, by the way, you know why your wife [TV newscaster Connie Chung] was so tough on me a few weeks ago when she interviewed me? It's because she did a lousy job with Marlon Brando, and she was trying to recoup her image."

And with that, he hung up.

Months later, while plugging his book on the *Joan Rivers Show*, he jumped on Connie again, criticizing her as an interviewer and bringing up the Brando story again.

Later that day Fox News in New York caught up with me on the street and asked me about what Trump had said. I replied, "Donald should worry about his bondholders, not my wife." By then we all knew what kind of "great shape" his business was in!

We had no end of the stories. There was the one about the Detroit man who was a district attorney by day and a priest by night. There was the Florida woman who had been the state's most prolific burglar until she'd been caught. Then there were the twin mayors—identical twins in Smyrna, Tennessee. Sam Ridley had been the mayor until he got caught selling police cars from his Chevrolet dealership. He then resigned and his brother, Knox, took over. In the town of 11,000, no one could tell the difference. They dressed alike, they talked alike, they acted alike. They both claimed to be mayor. And they were both right.

Such stories, which were plucked like folklore out of the police blotters all across the country, kept up our popularity. ■

***A Current Affair** continues to be the most popular of the Tabloid TV shows, receiving the fifth highest ratings of any daily program sold in syndication to individual television stations. Roger King's **Inside Edition** ranks second, trailed by a third entry in the field, **Hard Copy**, owned by Paramount. Both of those come-lately shows are still staffed by people lured away from **A Current Affair.** Commented the New York Times recently: "**A Current Affair** has created a genre that is likely to last."*

THE MAKING OF AN IRON QUEEN

When Argentinian troops invaded the British-owned Falkland Islands off South America in the early summer of 1982, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher hurriedly ordered a British task force to retake the islands. In the Iron Lady's haste, she forgot to notify the Queen.

Angry at hearing that British troops were being sent without the Palace being formally notified, Queen Elizabeth told an aide she wanted to speak immediately to the Prime Minister at Buckingham Palace.

Mrs. Thatcher, the Queen was told, would be delayed and could only come to the Palace later in the afternoon.

"Tell the Prime Minister," the Queen said icily, "I want to see her now!"

Thatcher became the Iron Lady in countless political battles over the years with an Old Boy establishment that tried to hammer down an upstart female. Elizabeth has displayed that same hardness for four decades as she smiled on royal tours while headlines blackened the reputations of the Royal Family. For years she has had to brave blizzards of gossip about other women in the life of her Prince Philip. Most recently she has had to watch a daughter's marriage break up amid tabloid headlines screaming of adultery. She has kept her queenly composure (again while tabloids talked of infidelities) as a son and future king drifted apart from his wife and children.

Elizabeth II learned early in her reign how to be England's first Iron Lady. A few weeks before her Coronation in 1952, she was told that her younger sister, Margaret, had fallen in love with a member of the royal household, Royal Air Force Group Captain Peter Townsend, a divorced father. A marriage between Princess Margaret and a divorced man, Elizabeth was told, could not be permitted.

By Anne Edwards

At this moment, in the eyes of the world, Elizabeth appeared to be gloriously happy, a most content, fulfilled young woman. But, in fact, she was facing the most serious problem she had ever had to deal with. How could she, who now had everything, deny her sister her chance for happiness?

She and Margaret had gone through more together than most sisters. They had lived isolated, unique lives, had grown up often having only each other and when time permitted, their parents. As her father had always said "Us four must stay together." He

From the book ROYAL SISTERS, *by Anne Edwards. Copyright © 1990 by Anne Edwards. Reprinted with permission of William Morrow & Co., Inc.*

A queenly smile and a resolve as hard as a pair of gloved steel fists have carried Elizabeth II through 40 years of storms brewed by family scandals. She was taught that smile and got that resolve from masters when her sister, Princess Margaret, wanted to marry a man, Captain Peter Townsend, whom the Queen decided she could not marry.

understood that no outsider could ever comprehend how very similar and yet how different they were from other families. Now "us four" meant the Queen, Philip, Charles and Anne. Margaret was suddenly "one of them," not "one of us." Not for one minute did she question Margaret's love for Townsend, nor his for her. Only a few weeks earlier, Margaret had come to her to ask permission to marry Townsend. The confrontation had not been easy. Even the Queen felt uncomfortable about her sister having to ask her for permission to marry. Perhaps she was still too new in her position, but she had appeared awkward, almost embarrassed to Margaret.

Although she sidestepped the issue, the Queen was compassionate, asking her sister to be patient and to wait until after the Coronation. She seemed to Margaret understanding. She explained what Margaret already knew—that under the provisions of the Marriage Act of 1772 she could not give her consent for her sister to marry a divorced man, even if, as had been the case, he was the innocent party. But she did, in effect, promise that she would see how this could be worked out to the lovers' advantage. Margaret had left this audience with her sister feeling hopeful, and conveyed this to Townsend. She was now twenty-three. According to the Marriage Act, she needed the Queen's approval to marry until the age of twenty-five. After that, she believed, she could marry whom she pleased.

She had known Townsend for years, their love was mature. Townsend had come from a different background, but he had become part of the Royal circle of insiders when she was just a youngster.

No sooner had Margaret left her sister's presence than the Queen discussed the situation with her husband, who felt she should not wait until after the Coronation but should seek immediate advice from her Private Secretary, Sir Alan Lascelles. And so she consulted Lascelles before the Coronation and he advised her that under no circumstances could such a marriage be contemplated, that she could not afford a scandal so close to her Coronation and that Townsend should leave the Court and be given an appointment abroad, preferably someplace distant like Singapore.

Princess Margaret in 1952: Of her love for Townsend, a friend said: "You simply could not doubt that this was that once-in-a-lifetime love that we all dream about. And...Peter adored her..."

On Monday, June 15, the Queen was informed by Lascelles and Jock Colville's cousin, Commander Richard Colville, who was the Palace Press Secretary, of the imminent approach of a scandal regarding her sister and Townsend. The Queen replied that she was still reluctant to send Townsend out of the country. That same afternoon, the two determined men met with Prime Minis-

ter Winston Churchill and convinced him that he must speak with the Queen. Churchill had an audience with her the following day, the crux of which was to convey to her his impression that an impending scandal was upon them at that very moment. For the country's well-being, Group Captain Townsend should be posted abroad for two years and without delay, and he and her sister should not be permitted to see one another for a period of one year at the minimum.

Her heart heavy, the Queen agreed, although she believed she was softening the sentence by postponing the separation until after July 17 when Margaret and the Queen Mother were to return from an eighteen-day tour of Rhodesia which Townsend was originally to have made with them. Members of her staff noted on this day that the Queen's usual good spirits were sorely strained.

Lascelles returned directly to Buckingham Palace and summoned Townsend to his office and delivered the crushing blow: he was to be sent abroad for two years with little delay. The Air Minister, Lord De L'Isle, he added unctuously, was being considerate enough to give him the choice of three air attaché posts: Brussels, Johannesburg or Singapore.

Townsend was stunned. He was being literally exiled from his country, which he had served loyally his entire life, because he and Princess Margaret had fallen in love.

Lascelles sat stiffly waiting for a reply. If Townsend did not choose a post, he could well be sent to the farthest point—Singapore; and so he said, "Brussels." The lovers said their farewell in the sitting room at Clarence House the night before Margaret was to depart for Rhodesia. Townsend had been officially assured by the Air Ministry that he would not be due to leave for Brussels until after her return on July 17. Both thought this meeting was "so long for three weeks" and not "goodbye." They discussed their situation at a minimum but reaffirmed their love for each other and their avowed determination to spend their lives together. Of this meeting, Townsend says, "Her mother—I blessed her for her exquisite tact—left us alone."

He had been moved from Clarence House to Buckingham Palace, and upon his return from Belfast he was informed that his departure for Brussels had been set forward. He was to depart before Princess Margaret's return. In Umtali, Rhodesia, where she learned the news, Margaret broke down and sobbed. Her mother rushed to comfort her; and Townsend, by telephone, tried to reassure her. She pulled herself together and did not miss one engagement, but photographs of the end of her tour show a sad-eyed Princess, the *joie de vivre* sorely missing from her expression. She was being torn from the man she loved and in an unusually harsh and underhanded manner.

And so the next day Townsend left for Brussels, he and Margaret believing that they would be separated for one year and that after August 21, 1955, two years hence, when she celebrated her twenty-fifth birthday, they could plan to marry. Both were convinced, as perhaps most lovers are, that their bond was strong enough to endure the separation.

Two years later, Margaret's twenty-fifth birthday was fast approaching; and the press, which lives off the public interest it creates, was building up the tension by whetting further interest for "intimate" knowledge of her affair with Townsend.

The lovers' daily correspondence continued, as did their frequent telephone calls; and although much time was spent in discussing the terrible "morass of frantic, popular sensationalism" that they had been drawn into unwittingly, they still

The Royal Family after the Coronation, left to right: The Queen, the Queen Mother, and Margaret, with Prince Philip behind them. Townsend, says the author, was "well-tuned to the Queen Mother's steeliness, Elizabeth's steadfast sense of duty and Philip's stubbornness."

believed that a future together would be worth it.

Naïvely, Margaret was waiting for the day of her birthday, when by the unpleasant terms of the Royal Marriage Act of 1772, she would no longer require the permission of the Sovereign to marry. She had been led to believe that at that time she would be free to do as she wished. No one had informed either her or Townsend that this was not entirely the case—that if she still wished to marry Townsend, a further section of the law gave Parliament the right to postpone the marriage for another full year, at which time she could be subject to certain penalties if the Government disapproved.

Pressures from within increased for the beleaguered Princess but her love for Townsend was unchanged. He remained in Brussels and she asked him to be patient and wait until her birthday, which she was celebrating with her family at Balmoral with "a quiet picnic." It fell on a Sunday. Ruby woke her up with a cup of tea. When she joined the family for breakfast she was faced with the Sunday newspapers, filled with speculation about her plans; and when she attended service at the parish church of Craithy, over three hundred reporters from all over the world shouted at her and took her photograph.

It has been said that "The Queen declined to coerce her sister." Yet she certainly did not encourage her to make a free choice. By now Elizabeth had a pretty clear picture of the chaos that would follow an announcement that the lovers were to marry. Margaret was asked to wait until press interest had somewhat subsided. Townsend would, in any case, be detained in Brussels. By the end of September, Margaret remained adamant in her wish to marry Townsend. The Queen, not wishing to be the one to deliver an ultimatum to her sister, arranged a meeting between the new Prime Minister Anthony Eden and Margaret at Balmoral which would be held in her presence.

The radiance had disappeared from Margaret's face. She arrived in Scotland, the weather freezing, looking tired and sad. Privately she was being torn by her divided loyalties to herself, Townsend, her mother, her duty to the Monarchy and her deep sense of religion. Saturday, October 1, Sir Anthony, himself not too well and his handsome, aristocratic face drawn, arrived at Balmoral with his new wife, Churchill's niece Clarissa. That next morning after breakfast, Margaret, Eden and the Queen retired to a private sitting room. The Queen remained silent while the Prime Minister told her sister that, if she persisted in the course she seemed determined to take, he would have no alternative but to ask Parliament to pass a bill in accordance with the Marriages Act to deprive her and her children of all rights to succession and any income from the Civil List. Further, she would have to marry abroad in a civil ceremony and remain out of England for several years, at least, after the marriage.

The man she married: Margaret dances with Earl Snowdon a year after their marriage in 1961. Says a court observer: "She never was or would be so naturally suited to a man as she was to Peter."

Margaret was too stunned to consider that the Prime Minister might be bluffing. On hearing such a proclamation, Margaret could not help but recall all the years of family bitterness toward the Duke of Windsor and the many years he had been forced to live in exile. The ex-King had private wealth; Margaret had only a small annuity and some jewels. Her uncle had been given a title; she would remain plain Mrs. Peter Townsend. She was confused, fearful of losing her family forever. But, although Sir Anthony might not have realized it, his most powerful argument had been that she would have to be married outside the Church. She wanted to be reassured of Peter's love, of her own ability to face what the Prime Minister proposed might be the future for them. She asked her sister if she and Peter could not have time together. And if they could be

allowed the freedom of seeing each other whenever they wanted if he came back to England for two weeks.

Elizabeth told her she would give her this decision later in the day. The family went off to attend the Sunday service at Craithy. The Prime Minister and his wife departed in the late afternoon. Elizabeth requested a few private words with her sister. Townsend would be allowed to return to England. Although in controlled situations and monitored by the Palace, he and Margaret would have time together to come to a mutual decision.

The date for Margaret's reunion with Townsend was set for Thursday, October 13, when she would return to Clarence House from Balmoral while her sister remained in the windswept castle in the craggy Scottish Highlands an extended five days.

Margaret arrived in London from Balmoral on the Royal Train at 7:15 A.M. the next morning, but because of the crowds at the station did not disembark for nearly two hours. When she spoke to Townsend on the telephone they decided to meet at Clarence House that evening, where they felt they would have the most privacy. Although the Queen had said they would be free to see each other, restrictions were placed on their meetings. They were never to be seen together in public.

At six-twenty that evening, hatless and wearing a dark blue suit, Townsend, driving his Renault, outfoxed the knots of watchers by entering the side gate of Clarence House and swinging around to the back. By the time the press realized where he had gone, he had gained entry through the lighted doorway of the Clarence House Office. Extra police were drafted to keep the courtyard clear. The gas lanterns surrounding it were turned on, as were all the front lights of the adjoining grace-and-favour houses.

His hair tousled, his step lively, Townsend followed a footman up the familiar passages that led to Margaret's sitting room. The servant departed and a moment later Margaret entered. They were at last together in their own "exclusive world." They embraced warmly. Nothing had changed. Each felt the same intense emotion toward the other. "Time [wrote Townsend] had not staled our accustomed sweet familiarity."

She looked more beautiful than ever, a woman clearly in love. They spent only two hours together, a length of time thought by the Queen's advisers to be decorous for a first meeting after such a long separation. The Queen Mother, who had only returned from Balmoral by the Queen's flight an hour before Townsend arrived at Clarence House, spoke briefly to him. Though courteous, she was now coolly detached from the veteran courtier for whom she had once shown such a great fondness. Townsend left at 8:20 P.M. and returned to Lowndes Square to dine alone. The lovers were, however, to spend the weekend near Windsor at Allanbay Lodge, the home of Major and Mrs. John Lycett Wills.

She asked her sister: Could she and Peter have time together?

Despite the madness that surrounded the pair, their weekend at Allanbay was a much welcomed chance for the lovers to be together. They walked in the secluded, guarded garden at the side of the ivy-covered house; they lunched and dined with the Willses and their eleven-year-old daughter, Marilyn (who was Princess Margaret's goddaughter), in an intimate, closed circle and were given a chance to talk privately whenever and for as long as they wished.

Believing she now knew the full consequences of her marrying Townsend, Margaret remained in high spirits but certainly "had a huge load on her mind." She did not doubt the love they shared. Townsend's presence gave her a sense of warm security she had never known with anyone else. She trusted him, was proud of him and felt a womanliness with him. She expressed more than youthful passion for him. To the few observers at Allanbay a "bonding" was evident. "I had seen her in the company of several young escorts during her teens; and later, of course, Tony [Armstrong-Jones, Lord Snowdon, her future husband]. But she never was or would be so naturally suited to a man as she was to Peter [one friend said]. You simply could not doubt that this was that once-in-a-lifetime love that we all dream about. And the most marvellous thing was that it was so fully reciprocated. Peter adored her, it was in his voice as he spoke to her and in his eyes when he looked at her."

During the early days of their reunion they were both hopeful. Margaret wanted to be married by a representative of the Church and their marriage to be "holy under God." She did not want to live abroad. She wanted her mother to accept her husband (although she saw the problems her sister might have) and she wanted to contribute her services to the Crown. Unlike her Uncle David, she always enjoyed being Royal and could be rather stiff about it.

On her return to Clarence House after her weekend in the country, Margaret told her mother that her feelings remained unchanged and that she still wished to marry Townsend. This information was duly transmitted to the Queen, who traveled from Balmoral overnight to London with the children on the Royal Train, arriving early Tuesday morning, October 18.

Saturday evening, October 22, Townsend came to Clarence House. Margaret was "unwavering in her determination." Townsend, however, was beginning, if not to hesitate, at last to suspect that if they won the end result might well be a bitter victory. He had, after all, spent years dealing with the Royal Family and issues involving them. He was well-tuned to the Queen Mother's steeliness, Elizabeth's steadfast sense of duty and Philip's stubbornness. The views of Eden and his Government were no longer unknown factors, although not totally revealed,

and no one at this point could be absolutely sure what the Church's final decision would be.

Margaret drove to Windsor on Saturday night to spend Sunday with Elizabeth and Philip. They attended service together and after lunch sat "before a log fire in the green drawing-room of the Victoria Tower of Windsor Castle," where they had once played games of charades. The Queen told her sister that if she married Townsend it would be in a civil ceremony, that Parliament would be asked to pass a Bill of Renunciation and that she would forfeit her income under the Civil List. Further—and this was, perhaps, the greatest blow—if they married, the ceremony would have to take place abroad, and "at least for a time" they would have to live out of the country. Margaret repeated her strong conviction that Townsend would be the only man she could ever love. She could not give him up.

She spoke on the telephone twice that day to Townsend who realized "the stern truth was dawning on her."

She had given no indication to him that she had changed her mind about marrying him, but Townsend now took the decision into his own hands.

He had little sleep that night. "I was obsessed [he wrote] that the Princess must tell the world that there would be no marriage." The next day, without consulting her first, he wrote out a short statement "in her words"; the same manner of thing he had done for her so many times before when they were on tour, only, of course, never had they been this personal.

By 4:00 P.M., only an hour later, he was with her in her sitting room at Clarence House. She looked pale, exhausted. "The smile had vanished from her face, her happiness and confidence had evaporated." She greeted him affectionately, clung to him long. When they drew apart he told her quietly, "I have been thinking so much about us during the last two days, and I've written down my thoughts for you to say if you wish to." He handed her the statement and she studied it.

Elizabeth (left) and Margaret enter the 1990s. An Iron Queen must still recall her sister's words to her almost 40 years ago: She could love no one but Peter Townsend and did not want to give him up.

> I would like it to be known [she read] that I have decided not to marry Group Captain Townsend. I have been aware that, subject to my renouncing my rights to the succession, it might have been possible for me to contract a civil marriage. But mindful of the Church's teaching that Christian marriage is indissoluble, and conscious of my duty to the Commonwealth, I have resolved to put these considerations before others. I have reached this decision entirely alone, and in doing so I have been strengthened by the unfailing support and devotion of Group Captain Townsend. I am deeply grateful for the concern of all those who have constantly prayed for my happiness.

"That's exactly how I feel," she said slowly when she had done reading. "There was [Townsend wrote] a wonderful tenderness in her eyes which reflected, I suppose, the look in mine. We had reached the end of the road. Our feelings for one another were unchanged, but they had incurred for us a burden so great that we decided, together, to lay it down."

Margaret told her mother and sister straightaway. Everyone seemed relieved.

With a decision now made, Margaret and Townsend were able to relax together. "I was stunned later on [said one witness] to learn that they had decided against marriage before that last monstrous week. Their love for each other seemed just as strong. Later, I suspected that even if marriage had been ruled out, a discreet relationship had not. Which would have made the whole ghastly, sad affair a terrible travesty."

After two days of seclusion in Clarence House, Margaret attended a Commemorative Service at St. Paul's Cathedral. Some five hundred of her sister's subjects stood respectfully in the rain to see her. A murmur could be heard as she passed. A woman stepped out of the crowd and curtsying said, "Good luck. God bless you." A gentle smile suffused Margaret's face and she continued up the steps and disappeared inside.

Afterword

Princess Margaret married Antony Armstrong-Jones (created 1st Earl of Snowdon, 1961) in 1960. They were divorced in 1978.

Peter Townsend married Marie-Luce Jamagne in 1959. They live in France and have two daughters and a son. Townsend is a successful writer and has published numerous books. And this year Queen Elizabeth II celebrated the 40th year of her reign. ■

THE GAME THAT TURNS ALL-STARS INTO FANS

By Frank Kelly

"If I ain't startin', I ain't departin'."

Some baseball fans might think that quote typifies the attitude of the modern ballplayer—the breed whose creed is greed—toward going to play in July's annual All-Star game. If they are not given the honor of starting the game, they would just as soon not go to the game.

For most ballplayers, however, that is not their attitude at all. In fact, the reverse is true: Most are totally awed by being in the presence of players they have looked up to—from afar—since they were teenagers. The All-Star game turns stars into fans. Players seek each other out and ask for autographs on baseballs, bats or photographs. Many bring cameras so they can have snapshots taken of themselves with players they admire but seldom see because the player is in the other league. And the younger All-Stars, awe in their eyes, will be reminding themselves and each other that only a few years ago they sat in the grandstands and applauded these All-Stars with whom they are now standing elbow to elbow.

We asked current and former players to recall for us what the All-Star game was like when they walked into a clubhouse and stared at an idol they had only admired from afar.

A former writer for the New York Daily News *and* The National, *Frank Kelly covers sports from New York.*

Rusty Staub

"I played my first All-Star Game in 1967; it was in Anaheim. I have to admit that in that particular game—when I was in a room with Roberto Clemente, Henry Aaron, Willie Mays and all those guys—so many of the guys I really kind of looked up to, I felt almost like a fan. Remember, I was a young man—just 23—although I had been in the majors four and a half years.

"On the other side were Frank Robinson and Mickey Mantle and all the other great American League players.

"If there was any one time in my career that I sat back in my locker and said to myself, 'Gee whiz, you're actually here with all these great players of the game,' that was it. It was one of the most wonderful and satisfying feelings of my life because it kind of meant that I had made it in my profession. At that time, you were elected by the players, not by the fans. It meant even more then because it was my peers who had selected me.

The National League's Richie Allen gets a low-five after hitting a home run in the second inning of the 1967 game at Anaheim.

"I finally got my chance in the 11th inning and pinch hit a single off Catfish Hunter. We, the National League, went on to win it on Tony Perez's homer in the 15th.

"In watching the first 10 innings, I was probably as much of a fan as anybody in the stands—watching all these great players for the first time on the same ballclub."

Mickey Mantle

"One thing I did like about the 1950 All-Star game was getting to be a teammate of my idol, Ted Williams, even if it was just for a day. It was a thrill for me just to be on the same team with him.

"Williams was one guy who took the All-Star Game seriously. He was not only a great competitor, but he was very proud, and this was a chance to show his greatness in front of his peers. Casey Stengel managed that year, and he batted me fourth, behind Williams. So I had the best seat in the house when the greatest hitter in the history of the game was at bat.

Mickey's idol, Ted Williams, races to the wall in the 1950 game to snare a drive. He hit the wall and broke his wrist but finished the game.

"In the sixth inning, we were behind, 5-0. Nellie Fox got a leadoff single off Warren Spahn. Williams was next, and he hit a home run. Then I hit one, too, and it was 5-3. The National League went on to win the game, 7-3, but it was only the second time teammates had hit back-to-back home runs in an All-Star game. Me and my idol."

Tom Seaver

"I made my first All-Star team in 1967 as a 22-year-old rookie. I remember coming in from the bullpen and passing Willie Mays, Henry Aaron and Roberto Clemente.

"Aaron—along with Sandy Koufax—was my favorite player when I was a teenager growing up in Fresno, Calif. Once in a while I got to use my uncle's seats near the Dodger dugout and see Aaron play.

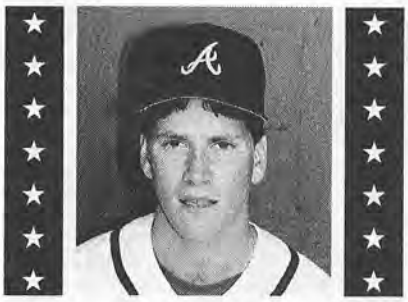
"Now I would get to dress next to him in the clubhouse. I got there early, and was wearing shorts and a T-shirt when Lou Brock came in. He took a quick look at me and said, 'Go get me a Coke.' He thought I was the clubhouse kid.

Tony Perez crosses the plate with the home run that won the 1967 game, Waiting to congratulate him is then-Cardinal Tim McCarver.

"I didn't think I was going to get in the game because the National League was going with Juan Marichal, Ferguson Jenkins and Bob Gibson. But then the game went into extra innings. I was so nervous. I was thinking, 'Don Drysdale and Claude Osteen are available; let them do it, not me.' Drysdale pitched the 13th and 14th. Then Tony Perez put us ahead with a homer in the top of the 15th. Osteen had pitched on Sunday, so Walter Alston brought me in.

"By the time I reached the mound, I felt a sense of comfort, of total confidence. The first two hitters—Tony Conigliaro and Bill Freehan—were righthanded. I got them on fly balls. Lefthanded Carl Yastrzemski was next. I walked him on four pitches; the only pinch-hitter left was righthanded Ken Berry. Remembering advice a member of our Met staff, Jack Lamabe, had given me about his former White Sox teammate, I threw him a slider with two strikes. I got him."

Tom Glavine



"When I went to the All-Star Game for the first time last year, I got a kick out of getting to meet Carlton Fisk and Wade Boggs. Having grown up in Boston, I had watched Carlton since I was a kid, and I was in the last year of high school when Wade came up to the big leagues.

"I was pretty excited getting to face Wade. I got to start the game and pitched pretty well, giving up just one hit in two innings.

"I don't think Carlton appreciated me telling him that I was in sixth grade when he hit that home run in the 1975 World Series, but he was very nice to me. And Wade, he couldn't have been thrilled when I told him I was a senior in high school when he made the majors. But we had a very friendly chat.

The American League's catcher, Carlton Fisk—Tom's idol when Tom was in the sixth grade—tags out Will Clark at home in the 1991 game.

"The A.L. won the game 4-2 on Cal Ripken's home run and Carlton did pretty well, too. His single in the sixth inning made him the oldest player to get a hit in the All-Star Game. Needless to say, I didn't point this out to him afterward."

Matt Nokes

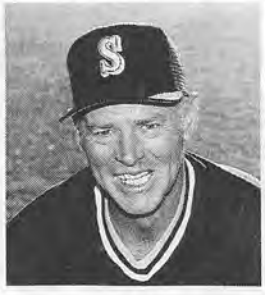
"It really didn't hit me until we got our picture taken at the 1987 All-Star game. I was like, wow, I'm sitting here with Don Mattingly and Dave Winfield, guys like that. The enormity of it didn't dawn on me until then. I really felt like a fan.

"It wasn't so neat a little later. They almost forgot to call my name in the pre-game introductions. They thought I was in the bullpen, but I was sitting in the dugout, and the All-Star officials in the dugout started to panic; but then they checked with the bullpen and found out where I was.

National League shortstop Ozzie Smith bobbles a grounder for an error in the 1987 game. But the runner did not score, the game going into extra innings, won by the National League in the 13th.

"It turned out to be a long game for the players and a great one for the pitchers and fans. It was scoreless until the top of the 13th, when Tim Raines hit a two-run triple for the National League. I went 0-for-2 but didn't feel too bad. We got only six hits for the whole game. We had a chance to win it in the ninth, but Winfield got thrown out at the plate."

Frank Howard



"Most people remember the end of the 1970 All-Star Game, when Pete Rose bowled over catcher Ray Fosse to score the winning run. I remember the beginning, when Tom Seaver bowled over the American League hitters. I was one of them. Right away I became a Seaver fan.

"Earlier in the year, Seaver had struck out 19 Padres in one game—including the last 10. He started strong in this game, striking out Luis Aparicio and Frank Robinson in the first inning. In the second, he got Harmon Killebrew for strikeout No. 3. I was watching from the on-deck circle. Harmon passed me on the way to the dugout, shaking his head.

Pete Rose bowls over Ray Fosse to score the winning run in the 1970 game—but Frank remembers Seaver bowling over hitters.

"Now it was my turn.

"Seaver got ahead of me and threw a fastball that started at shoulder level and crossed the plate at my knees. I had never seen a pitch like that. With a breaking ball you expect it, but not a fastball. You had to be impressed. I've been a fan of Seaver's ever since."

Larry Doby

N.L. teammates congratulate Reds' Ewell Blackwell, the winning pitcher in the 14-inning 1950 game. The catcher is Roy Campanella.

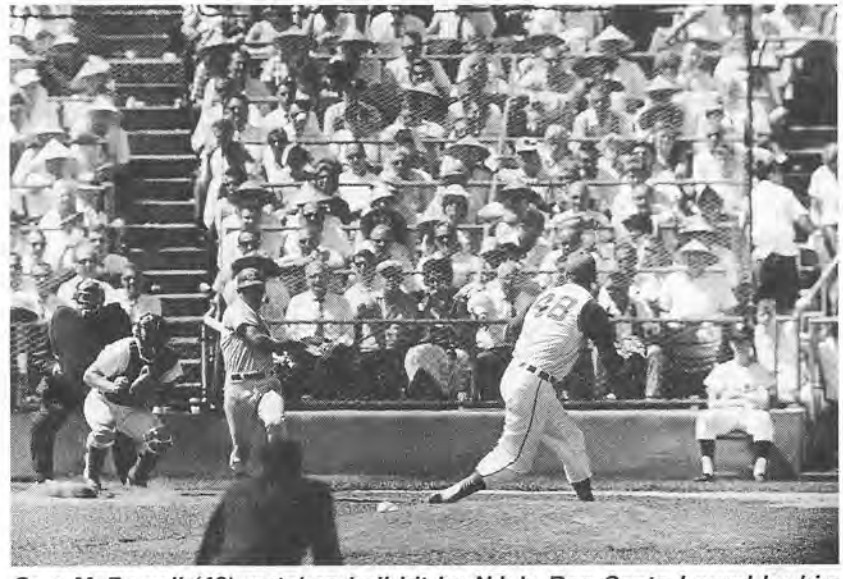
"The 1949 All-Star Game at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn was memorable for two firsts—my initial All-Star experience and the first time blacks appeared in the game. I was joined by three members of the hometown Dodgers—Jackie Robinson, Roy Campanella and Don Newcombe.

"Robinson got three hits and ran wild on the basepaths. Newk lost both the game and a possible grand slam, Ted Williams robbing him with a spectacular catch that helped my American League team win, 11-7.

"But the most exciting time for me was the next year, a game also made memorable by a Williams catch. I played all 14 innings in centerfield between Ted (and later Dom DiMaggio) and Joe DiMaggio. Williams made a leaping catch of Ralph Kiner's drive in the first, banging his wrist hard against the fence. Not knowing the wrist was broken, he stayed in the game and drove me in with the go-ahead run in the fifth.

"But Kiner got even in the ninth, tying the game with a home run. And Red Schoendienst made us blue with a homer off Ted Gray that won it in the 14th."

Don Drysdale



Sam McDowell (48) watches ball hit by N.L.'s Ron Santo bound by him for an infield hit that scored Willie Mays and won the 1965 game.

"The 1965 All-Star game was played in the old Minnesota park, Metropolitan Stadium. The bullpens were back to back, with a partition in between. A bunch of us were sitting out there—Bob Gibson, Bob Veale, myself, Sandy Koufax, Jim Maloney—when all of a sudden we heard this loud noise coming from the adjacent bullpen—'pop, pop, bang.' We kind of looked at one another, because we didn't think any of the American League pitchers could throw that hard. We were all curious, so we snuck along the fence and peeked into their bullpen. Sure enough, it was a pitcher we hadn't seen before ...turned out to be Cleveland's Sam McDowell. He was throwing beebees at a warmup catcher's glove. We kind of backed up a step, very impressed. Then, one of us, it might have been Gibson, put things in perspective. 'You know,' he said, 'there aren't too many soft tossers standing along this side of the fence.'

"As it turned out, McDowell would wind up losing the game on a bad-hop single by Ron Santo that scored Willie Mays." ■

The queen of daytime TV's villainesses, Susan Lucci, the infamous Erica of All My Children. *As a schemer, she grows and grows.*

Daytime TV's **Wicked Ladies**

Why They're Changing Their Act

By Martha Carlson

Every day on television screens across the country, the daytime soap operas are hard at work creating imaginary lives for their fans. There are good girls, men who can't love, men who love too much, women in trouble... And then there's the soap villainess.

When it comes to soap operas, the villainess stands alone. She's smart, sneaky and, sometimes, even someone you can like.

In the mind of a soap villainess, absolutely nothing is more important than reaching her own goal. Just consider *All My Children*'s Erica, played for more than 20 years by actress Susan Lucci. Fans have watched her grow from a scheming teenager determined to win the love of one man, no matter what the cost to him or anyone else, to the devious and scheming business woman she's become today.

Like everything else over the past 35 years, afternoon TV has become more sophisticated. Romance still flourishes, mysteries come and go, but our changing attitudes have affected the soap villainess.

What does the future hold for them? Here, the actresses who portray three of the most villainous villainesses on daytime TV let you in on what each thinks about her past, present and future.

Martha Carlson writes frequently about daytime TV's heroes and heroines—and its villains and villainesses.

Elaine Princi

"You'll start seeing these women in higher positions..."

***Elaine with Mark Brettschneider (Jason) of* One Life To Live.**

Soap fans around the dial are well aware of Elaine Princi's formidable talent for creating villainesses. Ten years ago, on *As the World Turns*, she played cocaine dealer Miranda. More recently she played the dual role of Madame X and Linda Anderson on *Days of Our Lives*, and now she's creating her own version of *One Life to Live*'s Dorian Lord Callison.

While Elaine's character these days may not be heading a prostitution ring or pulling guns out of handbags, she is every bit as much a soap villainess. According to Elaine, there's something special about this type of role.

"The basic thing about playing a villainess is that you can get away with things on camera that you would never dare get away with in real life. That's great fun," she says, all the while laughing.

She's quick to point out that there's more to playing a villainess than just acting evil. Explains Elaine, "I think that the challenge of playing a villainess is trying to give the audience an inkling as to why she does these things. If you're just a black-or-white character you quickly become quite boring...What makes Dorian endearing is that the poor lady actually believes that she's doing the right thing. She believes that the end justifies whatever means, and she can't understand why the rest of Llanview is out of step with her. You gotta love this woman!"

Although each of Elaine's soap villainesses has been dramatically different, she believes that this type of role has remained steady during the ten years that she's played them. "The storylines change because society changes...Years ago, you may not have had as many women in executive positions on soap operas, so the villainess would have been a married woman who was trying to get someone else's husband. Now you have the villainess who's an executive or at least wants to get to the top, so the situations changed, not the character itself. This is how soap operas in general have changed. I think the formula is still there, it's just that the storylines have kept up with the times.

"The only thing that I see changing basically in villains is that maybe you'll start seeing these women in higher positions than they already are. Maybe you'll see them taking control a little more. I was talking to one actor and he thought that if he and I got together, and I had a baby, then he'd retire and take care of the baby and become Mr. Mom.

"You may start seeing that kind of thing, which all has to do with the times we're living in. I don't think twenty years ago that would have gone over very well. I don't think they were ready to see that at all. You have to remember that this is a fantasy, but the fantasy has to be what fans would like to see."

One thing that's not likely to change soon is the fact that many of the best villainesses on daytime are played by older women, and there just may be a reason for it.

Says Elaine, "It's not a coincidence. I think a woman who is a little older, literally has experienced more in life, so she has an awful lot to draw on when she does these things. Instead of black-or-white, she becomes a far more interesting character. She may have a tremendous sense of humor and still be as bad as ever, but, believe me, there are some young actresses who are fantastic villainesses. In fact, I was pretty good when I was young!"

It's impossible to resist asking Elaine if she thinks she gives off some kind of "villainess vibes" on her auditions, and that's why she keeps being cast in these roles.

"No, some people do it well, some people don't. I happen to have dark hair and a lot of villainesses have dark hair...I think they're changing that. I've met a lot of villainesses who have blond hair, so I'm really happy about that. It used to be the standard thing. I really don't know, but it's okay, trust me, I'm a happy clown."

Jess Walton

Jess, the Jill of **The Young & the Restless**

"I never thought I'd see anybody hide a roll of toilet paper"

For fans of *The Young & The Restless*, there aren't many characters who hold a candle to Jill. Even when she's at her treacherous worst, fans love her and a part of them wants to see her happy.

Jess Walton, who breathes life into this role, has her own views on what holds Jill in the hearts of her many fans. First and foremost, she doesn't consider Jill an out-and-out villainess.

"One thing I love about Bill Bell (Y&R's creator) is that he really has multi-dimensional characters, so if I thought of myself only as a villainess, that would be boring. The same as playing a good girl would be boring to me. The thing about Jill that I love is that she gets to mix love and humor with the stuff that she pulls, with her plotting and conniving.

"Sometimes I think she demonstrates the ugly part in all of us, the control and the egocentricity of thinking that you know what's best for everybody, and also the selfishness and the self-centeredness that makes us do stuff that's indirect and dishonest."

The memory of her favorite villainous deed sets Jess laughing before she can get a word out. "I never thought I'd see anybody hide a roll of toilet paper. That happened a few years back when Katherine (Jeanne Cooper) and I were at the Collonade Room. I was real mad at her. I was in the powder room, and I saw her coming as I was leaving. I rushed back into the stalls and hid all the toilet paper in the hamper. I never thought I'd see that. That was one of my favorite things. I thought it was so outrageous, and so real. I mean, people never talk about the bathroom on the soaps. ...The other characters, and the actors, do laugh at her, and so do I. I think she's incredibly lovable in some of the bum things she does."

That "lovable" quality is one way Jess feels the soap villainess has changed.

"It seems to me that they were pretty black-and-white at the beginning. The villainesses were really evil. The people sat in their homes, I remember my mother used to sit at home and say things to the TV. I'd be in the other room and I'd hear her saying, 'What do you expect? You got what you deserve!'

"I imagine people still do that... [In addition], I think that soaps on the whole have changed and they've become more fleshed out, more sophisticated. Our whole society has changed and become much more aware of motivations. I would imagine that it's the same thing with the villainess. That their motivations come into play more. And a lot of time with villainesses, what's really great about them, is that the audience loves to root for them in spite of hating them.

"I hear from so many people who just love Jill because she's so feisty, because she won't lay down for anybody. She always fights back, and that's one of the things I love about Jill...she'll never say die. Never give up, until she's beaten and bloody on the floor, and even then she'll get up again."

Jill isn't going to change soon—what she wants will always be just out of reach. "Jill just seems not to learn from her mistakes. She just gets more sophisticated with them. As she gets more knowledge, as she gets wiser and as she gets older, her webs of deceit get a little more sophisticated...I think that's what makes her Jill. She's absolutely single-minded in her pursuit of what she wants at the cost of everybody else. Nothing is ever enough for her; she always wants more. She's insatiable!"

As for the future of all soap villainesses, Jess sees more of the same just around the corner. "I think it's pretty well reached its apex as it is, as far as explaining why villainesses do some of the stuff they do. I think human nature being what it is, villainesses will always appeal to the audience. I think they're very necessary to stir things up and create conflict. I think that the whole core of soap operas is secrets. I mean, if we didn't have secrets on soap opera that the audience knows, or that the audience doesn't know, we'd have no stories. The people who create the secrets, I think, are the villains and villainesses."

Jill Powell

"Who knows what's in a villainess's bag of tricks?"

***Jill, the Marcy of* As the World Turns**

Among the three villainesses interviewed, Jill Powell is the only newcomer to soaps and the youngest. As Marcy on *As the World Turns*, Jill is most definitely the nastiest person on soaps—at least right now. The character is less than a year old, but has been terrorizing the lives of almost everyone in the fictional town of Oakdale.

When she stepped into the part, which had been played by one actress before her, Jill knew that she was going to be a villainess, but readily admits, "I didn't know she was going to be as bad as she is!"

Most actresses who play villainesses wouldn't give up their role for anything, and even though she may be new, Jill is no different. "I feel horrible saying this because I'm not really this kind of person, but I'd love to stay a villain. I don't want to become a nice, sweet person. I want to be the spice of the show, not the sugar. I think the best thing is that the scripts surprise me on a daily basis. The things I get to get away with, the things I get to do. It's very exciting every time I pick up a script because I get to see what she's up to next. ...Villainesses give soaps flair, spice, style, excitement."

For this young actress, the future of the villainess is as full and juicy as ever. "Who knows what's in a villainess's bag of tricks?" asks Jill with a smile, but her character's own future is a little more clear. "I believe that Marcy will do anything to get what she wants. I wouldn't put anything past her. She's young, a great manipulator, she's a great actress, she wants everyone to love her, and I think she'll succeed at all of that."

Certainly, Marcy is as evil as other soap characters in the past, and Jill sees that as perfectly logical. Says Jill, "I think that they take much more risks than they did years ago, but a type is a type. A character is a character. As far as being different than twenty years ago, I can't really say that it would be, except that we, in daytime, have been able to grow further. As the years go on, you're able to do more and take more risks."

Fans of the soap opera villainess may be interested in one change that Jill has noticed occurring over the years. "I think that there are very, very few young villainesses on daytime. The majority of them are all older characters. There are usually two villains on each soap—a female and a male—and they're almost always older. The thing is that in the beginning they were all young, but now they've grown older.

"Take, for instance, Eileen Fulton (Lisa). She started out as just a horrible person on *ATWT* thirty-one years ago. She's come around, but it's taken her thirty years! They started out young, but I think there are very few new, young women who play villains on daytime today."

Jill doesn't see an end to the role of the soap villainess. "I think that every soap needs one, otherwise the audience is going to get bored. I think the audience wants to see up on the screen the things they've only dreamt of doing. That's why they watch it. They want to escape.'God, I wish I had said that to my friend when she made me mad!' they say to themselves. Well, Marcy does say it. I think that soaps will die if they don't have that spice." ■

TRAVEL

PACKING TO GO

By Erma Bombeck

When some people say, "Let's take a trip," they take more than the trip

One never realizes how different a husband and wife can be until they begin to pack for a trip. My husband has obviously never heard of the old axiom, "Pack half the clothes you planned to take and twice the money." His bed is covered with apparel.

If someone should "just happen" to award him the Nobel Peace Prize, he has the clothes for it.

He has the wardrobe to parachute behind enemy lines dressed as a mercenary and clothes to commandeer a torpedo boat through a squall.

If there is a bar mitzvah, ten-kilometer run, costume party, fire in the hotel, bowling tournament, western cookout, or rain for forty days and forty nights, he's ready.

He can attend an underwater wedding or a mountain hike, change a tire or christen a ship.

He has clothes to barter for mules and guides in a Colombian jungle as well as outfits for snorkeling, safaris, high teas, low ceilings; clothes for lounging and clothes to leave behind as tips.

He has an iron that weighs thirteen ounces and folds into the size of a ballpoint pen, a hair dryer,

A wife has the last word for the husband who has to pack everything.

and a global clock that tells you the time where you're not. (He will never have the right voltage to use any of these items.)

He has a personal coffeepot, cassette player, and gym bag full of language cassettes. He carries Tom Clancy's latest eight-hundred-page hardcover novel, a pair of binoculars, a calculator that figures out what the U.S. dollar translates to, lead-laminated pouches to protect his film, a Swiss army knife, and several rolls of toilet tissue. He covers each of his shoes in a little bag as if he is gift-wrapping it.

Off to one side is his food stash. These are little boxes and packets in separate bags that he clings to like diplomatic pouches that he never lets out of his sight. There's a supply of granola, crackers, dried soups, fruits, beef jerky, candy bars. I don't know how to tell him London is not a third-world city.

I, on the other hand, have benefited from the advice of Sylvia Suitcase (probably not her real name), a packing expert. Sylvia said if you really planned carefully you could make 135 combinations out of a twelve-piece wardrobe and be well-dressed for three weeks.

Stacked neatly on my bed is my ensemble: a basic dress, reversible skirt, slacks, blouse, jacket, shorts, T-shirt, vest, two scarves, cap with a bill, and jumpsuit for airline travel, plus underwear and a few toiletries.

When my husband's luggage is stacked by the door it will look like the road company of *Les Miserables*. Just before I zipped my single overnighter suitcase, he said to me, "By the way, do you have room for my tripod?" For those of you who think pictures grow on postcards, I will explain that a tripod is a three-legged stand that supports a camera so it will remain perfectly still.

Men with tripods will tell you how they were able to capture a hummingbird with crossed eyes or a cloud over the Kremlin that looked like the ghost of Billy Crystal, but they won't tell you their tripod was in their room at the time.

"What do you need a tripod for?" I ask patiently.

"Just in case I want to keep my camera steady while I take a spectacular shot of the Alps."

"You borrowed an Instamatic camera from my father that fits in your shirt pocket. What's to steady?" I ask.

I know better than to argue. I jam the tripod on top of my twelve-piece basic ensemble that can make one hundred and thirty-five combinations and keep me well-dressed for three weeks.

I snap my suitcase shut, lock it, and sit down on the bed to wait.

We are scheduled to leave for Europe in two weeks. ■

From the book WHEN YOU LOOK LIKE YOUR PASSPORT PHOTO, IT'S TIME TO GO HOME *by Erma Bombeck. Copyright © 1991 by Erma Bombeck. Reprinted by permission of HarperCollins Publishers.*

Illustration by Walt McGovern

Where Were

1942 50 years ago...

Jan. 1: President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill sign the Declaration of United Nations, a name coined by Roosevelt. More than 20 other nations will sign the Declaration, which binds the countries to defeat their common Axis enemies. **Jan. 26:** Congress gets a bill authorizing the establishment of a Women's Auxiliary Army Corps (WAAC). **Feb. 15:** The giant British naval base at Singapore surrenders its 60,000-man army to a Japanese force that had swept through Malaya. **Feb. 23:** A Japanese submarine shells an oil field near Santa Barbara, California, the first foreign enemy attack on the continental U.S. **Feb. 28:** An American destroyer, the Jacob Jones, is torpedoed by a German sub off New Jersey. It is the 23rd ship sunk off the East Coast since the war began. **March 17:** General Douglas MacArthur lands in Australia after a 2,500-mile escape by sea and air from the Philippines. He promises: "I shall return." **March 23:** The first of more than 100,000 Japanese nationals and Japanese-American citizens are transported from California coastal cities to inland camps. **April 9:** Bataan's American-Filipino army of 76,000 surrenders. The Japanese force their prisoners on a "death march"; an estimated 10,000 die. **April 18:** Colonel Jimmy Doolittle leads a squadron of B-25 bombers that takes off from the carrier Hornet to bomb Tokyo and other Japanese cities. Eight airmen are captured by the Japanese and three are executed. **May 5:** General Jonathan Wainwright surrenders his 7,000 troops on Corregidor after 27 days of ceaseless bombardment. **May 8:** American aircraft carriers turn back a Japanese invasion fleet bound for New Guinea in the Battle of the Coral Sea. **June 6:** Alerted by his code breakers that the Japanese are sending more than 200 warships—the biggest armada ever assembled—to capture Midway Island, a stepping stone to Hawaii, Pacific Fleet commander Chester Nimitz sends a much smaller task force to try to fend off the attack. Catching the Japanese by surprise, the Americans sink four carriers and again the Japanese navy must turn tail. **June 9:** The village of Lidice in Czechoslovakia is destroyed and most of its people killed by Germans avenging the assassination of an SS "hangman." **June 25:** Major General Dwight D. Eisenhower takes command of American troops in the European Theater. Movie box office hits include *Mrs. Miniver* with Greer Garson and *Yankee Doodle Dandy* with Jimmy Cagney.

Arms bound, American soldiers—captured on Bataan by the Japanese—stare defiantly at their guards during the Death March in which thousands of American and Filipinos were brutally killed or died of thirst.

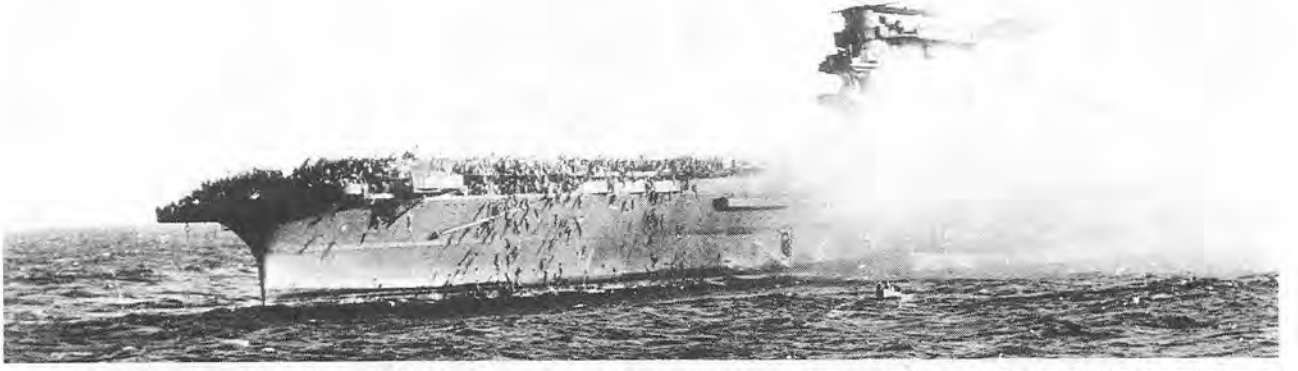
An American seaplane takes off to scout a Japanese armada, the largest ever to sail, approaching Midway Island in the Pacific early in June. Outnumbered three to one, the American task force turns back the Japanese.

You When...

...you read about the fall of Bataan...watched a Princess become England's Queen...and thrilled while watching John Glenn flung into orbit...or heard the name "Watergate" for the first time... and how long ago was "Abscam" anyway?

Red Sox slugger Ted Williams gets ready for the season at spring training in Florida. A year earlier he had hit .406—a .400 year not duplicated in 50 years. In 1942 the Splendid Splinter will win the Triple Crown.

Ingrid Bergman and Humphrey Bogart look toward a grim future in a scene from Casablanca, *a film originally titled* Rick's Place. *It will be released in November as American GIs land near the real Casablanca.*



Sailors scurry down the sides of the burning American carrier, Lexington, *during the Battle of the Coral Sea in May. But American pilots sink a Japanese carrier and for the first time in the war, a Japanese invading force, this one driving for New Guinea on the doorstep of Australia, is turned back.*

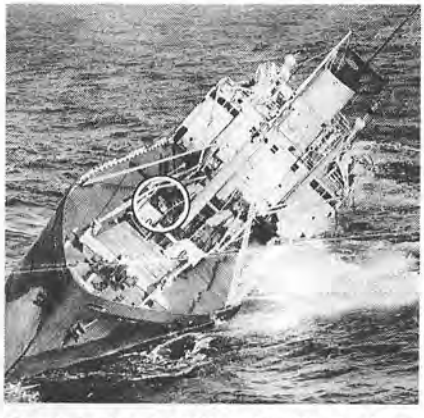
1952 40 years ago...

Jan. 7: Dwight Eisenhower says he is a Republican and would accept the party's nomination to run for President. **Jan. 21:** President Harry S. Truman sends to Congress the biggest peace-time budget in U.S. history. **Jan. 29:** Herman Wouk wins the Pulitzer Prize for his book, *The Caine Mutiny*. **Feb. 6:** King George VI of England dies and his daughter becomes Queen Elizabeth II. **March 19:** Senator Joseph McCarthy calls fellow Republican Newbold Morris "either the biggest dupe or the biggest dope in all history." Morris had criticized McCarthy for getting the Washington police to create a unit "to investigate links between homosexuality and communism." **April 15:** Led by towering center 6-foot-9 George Mikan, the Minneapolis Lakers defeat the New York Knicks, four games to three, to win the championship of the six-year-old National Basketball Association. **April 25:** Truce talks in Panmunjon between North Koreans on one side and the Americans and South Koreans on the other side stall on the issue of exchanging war prisoners. **June 2:** The Supreme Court rules that President Truman's executive powers do not allow him to let a federal agency run the nation's steel mills; a nationwide steel strike begins. **June 27:** Congress passes an Immigration and Naturalization Act that establishes immigration quotas based on national origin percentages in the population according to the 1920 census. Movie hits include *High Noon* with Gary Cooper and Grace Kelly, *Come Back Little Sheba* with Shirley Booth, and *The Greatest Show on Earth*. *The Jackie Gleason Show* is among the most popular TV shows.

The Democratic candidate for President, Adlai Stevenson, shows a hole in his shoe worn open by a five-city campaign tour in 12 hours.

An atomic bomb explodes over the Nevada desert in a test to determine if nearby soldiers would be hurt. They came out of trenches unharmed.

The stars of TV's* The Jackie Gleason Show *wave to fans from a bus driven by Gleason, who played bus driver Ralph Kramden in the show's "The Honeymooners" sequences. Behind Kramden are his much-put-upon wife, Alice (Audrey Meadows), his sewer-worker friend, Ed Norton (Art Carney), and his wife, Trixie (Joyce Randolph).



Captain Karl ("Stay-Put") Carlsen (circled) stands on deck of his stricken ship,* Flying Enterprise. *He refused to leave until the ship finally sank off England.

◀ *America's First Lady, Jackie Kennedy (right), sits gingerly atop a camel with her sister, Lee Radziwell, during a visit to India as part of a goodwill tour of Asian countries.*

A priest holds a soldier wounded during street fighting in Caracas, Venezuela, between rebels and government soldiers. This photo won the year's Pulitzer Prize.

1962 — 30 years ago...

Jan. 17: Television quiz show winner Charles Van Doren is convicted of being part of a game-show fixing plot in which some competitors were fed answers. **Jan. 23:** Former Brooklyn Dodger infielder Jackie Robinson, the first black to play in the big leagues, is elected to baseball's Hall of Fame. **Feb. 14:** First Lady Jackie Kennedy gives a personal tour of the White House for TV viewers, narrating the $100,000 production in which she and the President describe recent White House renovations. **Feb. 20:** Astronaut John Glenn becomes the first American to make an orbital flight, circling the earth three times in the spacecraft Friendship 7 before splashing down in the Atlantic. **March 2:** The Philadelphia Warriors' 7-foot-3 giant, Wilt (the Stilt) Chamberlain, scores 100 points, a basketball record, as the Warriors beat the New York Knicks, 169-147. **March 17:** Sent to Viet Nam by President Kennedy, a small group of U.S. Army Special Forces troops, called Green Berets, begin Operation Sunrise to move villagers out of areas controlled by the rebel Viet Cong and into areas patrolled by the South Viet Nam army. **April 13:** U.S. Steel officials call off price increases for steel after President Kennedy accuses them of being irresponsible. **April 21:** Seattle Exposition opens, the first World's Fair in the U.S. in 22 years. **April 25:** The U.S. detonates an atomic device in the Pacific after Soviet Russia lets a deadline go by for signing a nuclear-testing ban. **May 24:** Lt. Cmdr. Scott Carpenter duplicates John Glenn's three-orbital trip, taking off from Cape Canaveral atop an Atlas rocket. **May 28:** It is Blue Monday on Wall Street as the Dow Jones average plummets almost 35 points to close at 576.93. It is the steepest one-day drop since Oct. 29, 1929. **June 25:** The Supreme Court rules, 6-1, that reciting religious prayers in public schools is unconstitutional. Top movies include *To Kill a Mockingbird* with Gregory Peck, *The Miracle Worker* with Anne Bancroft, and *Lawrence of Arabia*.

Baseball's first black player, Jackie Robinson, enters the game's Hall of Fame. Also voted into the Hall at Cooperstown in 1962: ex-Reds outfielder Edd Roush, ex-Cleveland pitcher Bob Feller, and former Reds manager Bill McKechnie.

Quarterback Roger Staubach hurls "America's Team," the Cowboys, to victory in the Super Bowl.

Three of the stars of **The Godfather,** *left to right: Al Pacino, Marlon Brando and James Caan.*

A World War II survivor, Shoichi Yokoi, 56, comes home in tears to Japan after surviving for 28 years in Guam jungles. He had not known that the war had ended with Japan's surrender 27 years earlier.

1972 — 20 years ago...

Jan. 2: The Federal Communications Commission bans cigarette advertisements from radio and television. **Jan. 16:** With Roger Staubach throwing passes, the Dallas Cowboys beat the Miami Dolphins, 24-3, to win Super Bowl VI. **Jan. 25:** The U.S. presents to North Viet Nam delegates at the Paris peace talks a proposal to withdraw all U.S. forces from Viet Nam in six months and exchange all POWs. **Feb. 28:** President Nixon says goodbye to China's leader, Premier Chou En-lai, as he ends the first visit by an American President to China. The Chinese have agreed not to intervene in the Viet Nam war and both countries seek more cultural and scientific exchanges. **March 22:** The Senate approves the Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution, guaranteeing equal rights to women in the working place; Hawaii becomes the first of the 38 states needed to ratify it. **March 30:** North Viet Nam begins a massive offensive against the South Viet Nam army, weakened by the withdrawal from combat of all American ground forces. **April 16:** Nixon orders the resumption of bombing of North Viet Nam cities and bases to slow down the North Viet Namese offensive. **April 16:** Three U.S. astronauts return from a 1,500,000-mile space trip during which two walked on the moon for 20 hours collecting lunar-surface material. **May 15:** A gunman, Arthur Bremer, shoots Alabama Governor George Wallace, who has been campaigning for President. Wallace will be paralyzed, doctors say, for the rest of his life. **May 28:** The Duchess of Windsor dies. **June 1:** Nixon speaks to a joint session on Congress to report on his trip to Moscow, the first visit to the Soviet Union's capital by an American President. **June 4:** South Dakota Senator George McGovern wins four primaries and appears most likely to be the Democrats' nominee for the Presidency. **June 19-20:** Hurricane Agnes kills 118 as it sweeps up the east coast. **June 20:** Democratic Party Chairman Larry O'Brien says he will sue the Republican Committee to Re-Elect the President after burglars broke into his offices at the Watergate complex in Washington. Best movies include *The Godfather* with Marlon Brando, *Cabaret* with Liza Minelli, and Ingmar Bergman's *Cries and Whispers*. Among the new TV shows are *The Waltons* and *Columbo*.

President Nixon and China's Premier, Chou En-lai, raise glasses to toast each other as Nixon ends the first visit by an American President to China. Nixon had obtained an agreement with the Chinese not to intervene in the Viet Nam conflict on the side of the North.

◀ *Prince Charles and Princess Diana pose with a future king of England, their first child, William, born in June.*

British prime minister Margaret Thatcher reveals that troops are on their way to recapture the Falklands.

1982
10 years ago...

Jan. 8: The breakup of Ma Bell, the American Telephone & Telegraph network, begins as the company ends a seven-year anti-trust suit by giving up 22 of its "Baby Bells." **Jan. 13:** An Air Florida jet liner smashes into a Washington, D.C., bridge on takeoff and kills 78 in the plane and on the bridge. **Jan. 22:** The Los Angeles Raiders defeat the Washington Redskins, 38-9, in the 16th Super Bowl. **Feb. 6:** President Reagan asks Congress for deep cuts in domestic spending but more spending to build up the nation's military strength. **Feb. 16:** New Jersey Senator Harrison Williams is sentenced to three years in jail for taking bribes. Other Congressmen were also caught in the Abscam investigation. **March 12:** The late Sylvia Plath wins the Pulitzer Prize for her *The Collected Poems*. **April 2:** The Argentine government announces its troops have taken the British-owned Falkland Islands off the Argentine coast. **April 3:** British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher says a naval armada is leaving British ports to retake the Falklands. **June 6:** Israel invades southern Lebanon to wipe out Palestine Liberation Organization forces. Syrian forces enter Lebanon to battle the Israelis. **June 8:** The Los Angeles Lakers, sparked by Magic Johnson and Kareem Abdul Jabbar, vanquish the Philadelphia 76ers in six games to win the NBA championship. **June 12:** More than a half million Americans clog New York City streets to appeal to the United Nations to outlaw nuclear war. It is called the largest protest march ever in America. **June 14:** Prime Minister Thatcher says the Falklands have been retaken with some 15,000 Argentine POWs. **June 21:** A jury finds John Hinckley, Jr, who tried to assassinate President Reagan a year ago, not guilty for reason of insanity. **June 25:** Israel and Syria agree on a temporary cease-fire in Lebanon; the death toll in the fighting goes past 35,000. **June 30:** The Equal Rights Amendment, which would have guaranteed equal pay and other rights for working women, fails to become the Constitution's 27th amendment as it falls three states short of being ratified. Top movies include *Gandhi* with Ben Kingsley and *Sophie's Choice* with Meryl Streep.

President Reagan joins a line shoring up a dike in Fort Wayne, Indiana, during a late-winter flood.

Kareem Abdul Jabbar snares a rebound as the Los Angeles Lakers win a game on the way to the NBA championship.

MODERN MANNERS

By P.J. O'Rourke

"Much more important than greeting people is... getting rid of them somehow anyway"

CODE OF A MODERN GENTLEMAN

1. Never strike anyone so old, small, or weak that verbal abuse would have sufficed.

2. Never steal anything so small that you'll have to go to an unpleasant city jail for it instead of a minimum security federal tennis prison.

3. Remember, the truth is rude. Consider the truth about where babies come from, especially some people's.

4. Never be unfaithful to a lover, except with your wife.

5. Never transmit a sexual disease in public.

6. Women and children should be protected in every tax-deductible way.

7. Don't pull on a crewneck sweater with a lit cigarette in your mouth.

From the book MODERN MANNERS *by P.J. O'Rourke, copyright © 1983, 1989 by P.J. O'Rourke. Used with permission of The Atlantic Monthly Press.*

The purpose of old fashioned manners was to avoid attracting attention. The reason for this was that old-fashioned manners were possessed by only a few hundred rich people. These few hundred rich people didn't want all the hundreds of millions of poor people to notice who had the money. If the rich, polite few started attracting attention, the poor, rude many might get together and commit mayhem the way they did in Russia. The heck with that, said rich people.

But nowadays there are hundreds of millions of rich people, and poor people have been pretty much rendered harmless by drugs and sleeping on sidewalks. Plus it's getting so you can't tell rich from poor anyway, what with Nigerian illegal immigrants selling Rolexes on street corners and Gloria Vanderbilt putting her name on blue jean behinds. The problem modern people have is trying to be special. Therefore, the purpose of modern manners is to attract as much attention as possible.

GREETINGS

The importance of conspicuousness in modern life has led to the phenomenon of "greeting inflation." Once, even the closest friends greeted each other with a polite bow. Today such reticence is almost extinct. A loud "Sweetheart," a slap on the back, chuck on the arm, tousling of hair, and a cheerful "Have a nice day!" will do if you don't know a person at all. But if you have even the slightest acquaintance with someone, it is usual to embrace him physically no matter what the circumstances. If you're carrying a briefcase or package, just throw it in the gutter. This makes a dramatic gesture of good fellowship.

If you actually know someone's name, twin kisses on both cheeks are expected and should be accompanied by some highly original term of endearment. "I love you" or "You're my best friend" isn't nearly strong enough. In California, where manners are more modern than

Illustration by Walt McGovern

"At one time there was not only an etiquette of greeting people but also an etiquette of not greeting them.... This is no longer done."

anywhere else, people say, "I'd murder my parents to have lunch with you."

REBUFFS

At one time there was not only an etiquette of greeting people but also an etiquette of not greeting them. This ranged in degree from the coldly formal bow to the "cut direct." The cut direct was delivered by looking right at a person and not acknowledging his acquaintance or even his existence. This is no longer done. It has been replaced by the lawsuit. Opposing parties in a lawsuit (and other enemies) are expected to greet each other like lovers—especially now when it's so fashionable for hostesses to invite people who hate each other to the same dinners. If the enmity is minor or philosophical in nature, argument—or, better, tableware throwing—may resume after a drink or two. But if the hatred is deep and well occasioned, the mutual detestors are expected to chat amicably throughout the evening.

THE HANDSHAKE

Despite the popularity or more effusive forms of greeting, the handshake is omnipresent. It is now extended to everyone—men, women, old people, young children, and, especially, pet dogs.

It's important to develop a limp and affected handshake. A firm, hearty handshake gives a good first impression, and you'll never be forgiven if you don't live up to it. Also, a firm, hearty handshake inspires confidence in others. People who go around inspiring confidence in others are probably looking to sell them something. You don't want to appear to be that sort.

FAREWELLS

Much more important than greeting people is saying goodbye to them or getting them to say goodbye to you or getting rid of them somehow anyway. The one thing that can be safely said about the great majority of people is that we don't want them around. Be sincere and forthright about the problem. Take the person you want to get rid of aside and tell him he has to leave because the people you're with hate him. Say, "I'm sorry, Fred, but you can't sit down with us. Molly and Bill Dinnersworth hate you because you're so much smarter and more successful than they are."

This is nasty and flattering at the same time. And it makes life more interesting, which, if you're too sophisticated to just want attention, is the point of existence.

MAKING UP IN PUBLIC

It's bad manners to apply cosmetics in public. It reminds people that you need them. ■

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Hosted by Chuck Scarborough and Kathryn Kinley

Memories

Then and Now

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PERSPECTIVE

THE GOODBYE CIGAR

By Robert Fulghum

It was a cigar to remember, mostly because our man never got to smoke it

You might as well know now. A cigar is the centerpiece of what follows. And you might as well also know that I have been known to smoke one of those things from time to time, despite what I know about all the good reasons not to. I'm just assuming that you sometimes do something of your own that you shouldn't do, either, and will understand. Moreover, I only had one puff from this cigar. Yet it was the cigar I will never forget.

One fine fall morning in San Francisco. I had taken a cable car from Union Square to the foot of Columbus Street, intending to walk back through the old Italian quarter of North Beach. In a great mood. A week of hard work had gone well, and now I had a couple of days off to myself. So I had gone into Dunhill's and bought the finest cigar in the shop to smoke on an equally fine walk.

If you happen to appreciate cigars, this was a Macanudo, maduro, as big around as my thumb and six-and-a-half inches long —a very serious cigar. If you do not appreciate cigars, this one is best described as one of those cigars that would make you say, "My God, you're not going to smoke that thing in here, are you?"

After a few blocks' walk, it was cigar time. With care I removed the cellophane, squeezed the cigar to check for freshness, and held it to my nose to make sure it wasn't sour. Perfect. Leaning against a tree, I cut the end off the cigar with my pocketknife and carefully lit up. One puff, and I said aloud to myself: "Now that, THAT, is *some* cigar!"

It so happened that I had been standing in front of a coffeehouse. A cup of fine espresso would add the final right ingredient to a recipe for a memorable morning. Placing the lit cigar carefully on the wide brick window ledge of the coffeehouse, I went inside to order. While waiting at the counter, I glanced out the window to check on my cigar. Gone. My cigar was gone.

Abandoning my coffee, I rushed to the door. And stopped short. There on the other side of the glass was an old man examining my cigar with the skill of an aficionado. He held the cigar with respect under his nose and smelled it with eyes closed. He smiled. He squeezed the cigar to check for freshness. He smiled. Looking carefully up and down the street, he took a puff. And smiled again. With a heavenward salute with the cigar, he set off down the street. SMOKING MY CIGAR. I followed, not knowing quite what to do. I really wanted that cigar back.

The old man. Salt-and-pepper hair, with grand mustache and eyebrows to match—jaunty black longshoreman's cap, white long-sleeved shirt, black suspenders, and dark brown pants and shoes. Short, plump, wrinkled, walking with a slight limp, the old man ambled on into the morning, unaware of me lurking furtively a few yards behind.

Italian. First-generation immigrant probably. As were the friends he visited to report the good news of the cigar that fate had prepared for him that fine day. I got a tour of the old Italian quarter of North Beach I had not anticipated—the real thing. A pasta shop, a fruit stand, a hardware store, a bakery, and the local priest. At each stop, in passionate terms, he exalted the cigar, his good fortune, and this lovely day. Each friend was offered a sample puff. The fruit vendor squeezed the cigar and approved its ripeness. The baker puffed twice and pronounced the cigar "*Primo, primo.*" The priest gave the cigar a mock blessing.

In time the old man turned toward the bocce ball courts north of Ghirardelli Square, and when he arrived, he repeated for his compatriots his ritual celebration of the cigar and his good luck. The cigar burned down to a short stub. As it came his turn to play, the old man meditated upon the end of the cigar with clear regret. He did not toss it to the ground and grind it underfoot as I might have. No. Solemnly, he walked over to a flower bed, scooped a small hole beneath a rosebush, laid the cigar butt to rest, covered it with dirt, and patted the small grave smooth with his hand. Pausing, he raised his cap in respect, smiled, and returned to play the game.

The old man may have smoked it, but I've not enjoyed a cigar more. If having a lovely memory is the best possession, then that cigar is still mine, is it not? It remains the very finest cigar I never had. ■

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